

THE SWAN



JUNE, 1958 - No. 24

THE SWAN

The Magazine of Slough Grammar School

No. 24.

June, 1958.

Editorial

THIS is a large grammar school. It has been publishing a magazine for 21 years.

Every spring the editors of the magazine make a vigorous and widely-publicised appeal for contributions—and every summer they are sadly disappointed. Any mute inglorious Miltons we possess seem determined to stay mute and inglorious. This is all wrong.

There are, of course, a few noble stalwarts every year who produce work good enough to keep up the high (we hope) standard of the Magazine and the flagging spirits of the Editors. And this year, it is true, a more encouraging number of boys have sent us contributions. But what of the others?

This, we are told, is the New Elizabethan Age; an age of enterprise, vigour and high discovery. Youth is at the helm, tomorrow's citizens have the world at their feet.

Rubbish!

It is an age of apathy. If youth is at the helm, heaven help the ship. Hundreds of thousands of tomorrow's citizens exist in a state of complete indifference to anything but their own empty ways of enjoying themselves. The world is wide, but they do not care.

Their world is full of nothing. It rocks to the thump of an indifferently-played guitar, and echoes emptily to the thin wail of a saxophone. One has only to watch them in the B.B.C. television programme which millions of them worship. They jerk, they shuffle, they squirm; but they never smile.

The true brilliance of Armstrong or Brubeck they do not hear; they listen only for the beat. Show them a book or a painting and they will sneer. They will probably call you a square. To them, culture is almost a dirty word.

But this is a large grammar school. There is more here than apathy and indifference—or at least there should be. There is enough intelligence to fill libraries, support societies, produce contributions for a magazine—and still have time to listen to Lonnie Donegan. It is a pity more do not have the enterprise to combine them all.

R. F. H. COOPER.

School Officials

School Captain: J. Barker.

Vice-Captains: D. E. Harding and C. P. O'Donoghue.

Full Prefects: D. G. Arthur, M. A. W. Deuchar, M. S. Dovey, S. J. Hyde, B. K. R. Watts, D. Windle, B. Beasley, R. F. H. Cooper, N. A. Edwards, F. Gore, W. J. Layn, T. G. McLain, J. F. E. Passler, D. S. Ralley, H. R. Sandilands, T. J. Sheehan, M. J. Spelman, H. L. Steen, R. Walmsley, A. T. West and D. T. Williams.

Sub-Prefects: J. Bamborough, P. W. Clements, P. G. Davey, R. G. Hughes, J. R. Marshall, G. J. Mason, B. G. Odell, M. L. Parkes, J. F. Pickering, and R. Pleace.

House Captains:

Gray: D. E. Harding.
Herschel: D. Windle.

Hampden: R. G. Hughes.
Milton: J. Barker.

Cricketer Captain: S. J. Hyde.

Football Captain: D. Windle.

Hockey Captain: M. A. W. Deuchar.

Athletics Captain: M. A. W. Deuchar.

Cross-Country Captain: R. Walmsley.

Editorial Board:

Supervisory Editor: Mr. D. S. Madge.

Editors: R. F. H. Cooper, J. Barker.

Assistant Editors: T. Knight, K. S. H. Halstead.

School Notes

ON TUESDAY, the 10th September, this School and the High School came of age, and the occasion was marked by a joint service in the Church of St. Mary, Slough, conducted by the Rector, the Rev. Eric Parker, B.A. His Worship the Mayor of Slough, Councillor Mrs. J. M. B. Gibson, attended by the Deputy Town Clerk, was present. Over 1,100 boys and girls, former scholars, present and past members of staff, Governors of the two schools, Mr. Smyth, the Divisional Education Officer, and Mr. M. A. Mills, Assistant County Education Officer, took part in the service. The singing was led by the combined choir from the two schools conducted by Miss M. Davidson with Mr. D. Wilson at the organ. The anthem was Stanford's *Jubilate*.

School assembled the following day with 34 more boys on roll than in the previous autumn. Twenty of this increase were members of the Sixth Form, which numbers 80.

In July Mr. L. J. Cave left after very valuable and far reaching service to this school for 11 years. He has become Senior English Master in a Surrey Secondary Modern School.

Mr. C. A. Waite, who also moved in July to be Senior English Master in a new Derbyshire school, will be remembered for his sterling work in reorganising and developing the school library.

Mr. N. McCabe came in September from Dartford Grammar School to replace Mr. V. H. Taylor in the Modern Language Department. In addition he has given enthusiastic support to school music activities.

Mr. D. E. Oldfield joined the English Department in January after experience in primary school teaching. He has already served his initiation to Lakeland Fell Walking.

Mr. D. Church also came in January to take charge of Religious Education and to teach Latin and English.

We were pleased to welcome M. Henri Voisin from France to spend a year with us.

Michael Spinks from the Fleet Air Arm, and Andrew Marshall from the R.A.F. visited us in the autumn and reported very good success in their service careers.

Congratulations to L. A. J. Hitchman, who gained the course prize at the conclusion of the R.A.F. Halton course and was recommended for a commission.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Rowland on the birth of Andrew in October and to Mr. and Mrs. Richards on the birth of their daughter Anne, also in October.

We are hoping soon to see Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Knight on their return from the new world. This past year Mr. Knight has been teaching in Pueblo, U.S.A.

During the past year Colin Cook has left us to go to Durban, South Africa, Lance Fowler to Melbourne, Australia; and Steven Martin has gone with his parents on service duty to Malta for six months.

Some of the trebles from the School choir had good fun during school holidays singing in opera for the Carl Rosa Company's production of *Carmen*.

We express gratitude and congratulations to the County Architects for their skilful and tasteful redecoration of the school hall during August.

A party of 80 from the Fifth Form visited Stratford-on-Avon on Wednesday, 6th November, for a performance of *Julius Caesar*.

Robin Bowers is enjoying the experience of student life at Michigan State University, U.S.A.

Praise to the gymnastic team for the hard training which gave them victory over the Eton College team in March.

Last July we received a party of German boys from Timmendorf, and in early August our own party travelled to Germany with Mr. G. P. Sonnex.

A very pleasant evening of happy memories and reunion for "Lakelanders" was held in June.

We are pleased to record the commencing of work on the rebuilding of the old kitchen into a new Biology Laboratory.

Senior members of the school have been privileged to hear lectures and to ask questions from Sir Charles Woolley, Mr. J. Armfield Bindon, and Sir Hilary Blood on Commonwealth matters.

At the end of the summer term Mr. J. Collin and Mr. A. D. Purvis conducted a senior expedition for three weeks to Perpignan.

On the evening of October 4th we were greatly privileged to have a visit from the Göttingen University Orchestra, who played a full concert programme to an invited audience of parents and boys.

Congratulations to John Morgan on gaining a State Scholarship with four distinctions: in Chemistry at both A and S Level, and in Physics and Pure Mathematics at A Level.

Mr. John Hills, M.A., former Headmaster of Bradfield, gave an interesting talk to the Sixth Form on *The Times* and the work of newspapers.

The Dramatic Society gave a convincing and impressive production of *Julius Caesar* in mid-December, with outstanding performances by J. Barker as Cassius, R. Monks as Brutus, and H. Sandilands as Mark Antony.

We have been pleased to welcome for teaching practice Mr. G. Hern and Mr. J. Hannah from London and Reading Universities respectively.

We are again very grateful to Miss Crawford for inviting members of our Sixth Form to dancing classes at the High School.

Our congratulations to Dr. C. B. Chapman, who was awarded the degree of Ph.D. by Leeds University for research in synthetic textiles. We are sorry that Dr. Chapman leaves us in July to join Nylon Spinners Ltd.

The School Choral Society has won renown by its steady series of musical programmes throughout the year, culminating in the singing of Handel's *Messiah* in school just before Easter.

The Junior Forms and members of the Sixth Form enjoyed a lecture recital by a wind sextet whose visit was arranged by the County Music Organiser, Mr. Collingham.

In March senior geographers joined our biologists for practical field work at the Dale Fort Field Centre, Pembrokeshire.

Congratulations to the scientists who organised such an interesting display of marine creatures, cacti, and other exhibits for the evening *Conversazione* at the end of March.

Our thanks are due to the Head Master of Eton College for extending the annual invitation for our Sixth Form French specialists to a production given by the Institut Français on March 13th. This year's play was *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

Hail

J. D. Aughton, M. F. Baker, R. L. Barrett, N. C. Bathurst, P. R. Bew, G. Belkowski, J. A. Bastock, A. D. Boul, P. A. Brett, F. T. Briers, W. M. Buck, K. Budd, D. B. Burns, R. J. Checkley, S. D. Cleaven, K. A. Cook, W. A. Coombs, J. C. Croker, P. F. Daniel, G. Dobson, J. A. Dodd, M. Dowthwaite, F. D. Doyle, M. R. Earl, D. Bihet, D. H. Faulks, P. Firth, D. R. Flowen, R. H. Fountain, R. F. Fowle, R. M. Francis, D. J. Godfrey, R. J. Godley, J. J. Grant, R. Grantham, P. L. Griffiths, G. C. Hammond, D. P. Hilling, M. T. Holden, J. E. Lear, G. C. Light, A. Livingston, T. I. Lloyd, E. C. Lovelock, P. T. Manning, R. Marbrook, J. B. Marshall, R. J. McGoun, T. P. Murphy, J. A. Murray, R. A. Parrish, D. M. Parsons, G. R. Perkins, B. H. Pickering, J. H. Prout, C. Pryce, D. R. Pugh, A. D. Quentin, K. L. Ralph, C. J. Ramsdale, K. Robertson, K. L. Rowe, K. Rule, K. P. Sampson, R. M. Serjent, B. I. P. Shelley, C. J. Slatter, P. L. Small, J. Stanford, D. J. Stenning, P. B. Stiles, G. W. Taylor, S. M. Tidswell, C. A. Timms, D. Warren, K. Watson, P. J. Webber, R. A. Willson, R. P. A. Cookman, S. R. Haisz, R. P. Sharphouse, M. T. Ward, A. D. Trigg, A. K. J. Singleton, D. S. Fisher, M. H. Rouse, G. W. Watson, A. A. Liszka, P. W. Robson, B. F. Jordan, G. W. Douglas, R. B. Allen, R. A. O. Rilett, C. J. Wilson, B. R. Higginson, T. F. Gallagher, T. C. Bryant, M. T. Davies, A. S. Brooker, K. G. Turner, G. C. Hibbert, M. J. Ford, J. R. J. Lurch, D. C. Buckingham, P. A. Willis, M. E. Lumb, T. M. Johnson, M. R. Martin, R. Gale, C. Thurston, P. J. Bowman, J. C. Savage, C. R. Wood, P. S. Gamm, B. D. Tres, R. Darnell, B. T. Hollings, I. R. Bond, A. C. Crooks, A. P. Matrubhutan, D. R. Miles.

Farewell

Upper Sixth:

J. R. Abbott, K. F. Ball, R. H. Bester, A. R. Bowers, A. N. Buckland, A. A. Clements, M. R. Cousins, C. G. Hanson, F. W. Hockley, G. A. D. King, J. R. G. Little, B. J. Long, E. G. Matthews, D. H. Noble, B. Richardson, J. E. Morgan, A. G. Rowe, J. J. Siney, D. C. Spooner, D. E. L. Tunbridge, D. C. Wheeler, R. J. Wilson.

Fifth Form:

D. Angus, T. H. Ball, M. J. Brett, A. Dunn, C. J. Dutton, L. Felix, J. Gore, K. Hughes, D. J. Freeman, R. S. Johns, R. Keenan, J. D. Jeffries, B. J. Lambie, J. Marsh, P. Martin, G. Little, R. Powell, T. R. S. Simcox,

P. J. Stratford, W. A. Turner, B. Snook, D. Walton, B. A. M. Ward, T. Wilmot, E. Deurden, J. Freer, D. Jackson, J. Diamant, M. Pells.

To other Schools:

I. Lambert, P. Middleton.

Speech Day, 1957

LAST DECEMBER it was decided that, rather than hold the annual Prize-giving at the Central Hall in the town, Seniors and Juniors should divide up for Speech Day. This enabled us to use our own School Hall for the occasion for the first time in many years.

Both Speech Days followed the same pattern. After the usual preliminaries were over the Headmaster began his report to the guests and parents. He said the School had undergone tremendous changes in the twenty-one years of its existence; total numbers had almost doubled and the Sixth Form had grown from three boys to ninety. The needs of these days of specialisation, he said, had meant disappearance to a considerable extent of the Form and the substitution of the Group, a smaller unit. The academic record of the School was as fine as ever, Societies continued to flourish and on the sports field the School's achievements were considerable.

The principal guests at each Speech Day—Air Chief Marshall Sir Dermot Boyle at the Senior and Mr. Ensor at the Junior—stressed the importance of close co-operation between boy and teacher in order to continue what was obviously a splendid School history. Both speeches were most individual and entertaining.

Votes of thanks were proposed by the Head Boy, J. Barker, and seconded at the Senior Speech Day by D. Harding and at the Junior by C. O'Donoghue, both Deputy Head Boys. Each Speech Day ended with a spirited rendering by the School Choir of songs by Matyas Seiber and John Ireland.

PRIZES FOR YEAR ENDING 31st JULY, 1957.

Form.

- 1c Virgo, P. B. (1st in Form); Virgo, J. M. (2nd in Form); Roantree, J. (3rd in Form).
- 1b Hatt, M. C. (1st in Form); Morris, D. J. (2nd in Form); Hinchliffe, R. M. (3rd in Form).
- 1a Garner, D. E. (1st in Form); Elderfield, C. (2nd in Form); Dubery, J. M. (3rd in Form).
- 2c Timms, C. R. (1st in Form); Solomon, M. G. (2nd in Form); Willson, M. H. (3rd in Form).
- 2b Kolaszynski, M. C. (1st in Form); Herbert, I. S. (2nd in Form); Le Page, J. S. (3rd in Form).
- 2a Gardner, P. L. (1st in Form); Bowley, D. (2nd in Form); Bull, G. E. (3rd in Form).
- 3c MacDonald, J. P. (1st in Form); Ridgely, J. (2nd in Form); Stroud, H. J. F. (3rd in Form).
- 3b Eyre, J. J. (1st in Form); Elliston, A. C. (2nd in Form); Dowson, P. L. (3rd in Form).
- 3a Grimwood, P. D. (1st in Form); French, M. R. (2nd in Form); Taylor, N. G. (3rd in Form).

FOURTH FORMS: Subject Prizes

Whitaker, R. J. (*English, French, German and General Science*); Bayford, J. L. (*Latin, History*); Johnson, A. M. (*Geography*); Taylor, P. (*Mathematics*); Summerhayes, C. (*Biology*); Ray, B. (*Chemistry*); Dewar, W. A. G. (*Physics*); Farnell, M. R. (*Art*); Youngs, C. D. (*Woodwork*); Turner, T. C. (*Metalwork*).

FIFTH FORMS: Subject Prizes

Davenport, C. (*English Language and Literature*); Lucas-Smith, A. J. H. (*English Language and Literature*); Jervis, A. F. (*French and General Science*); Davenport, C. (*Latin and History*); Knight, T. F. (*German*); Deuchar, A. B. M. (*Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics*); Evans, C. (*Geography*); Wilmot, T. (*Art*); Page, N. A. (*Biology*); Halstead, K. S. H. (*Physics*); Osborne, W. R. (*Woodwork*).

LOWER SIXTH: Subject Prizes

Barker, J. (*English and History*); Clements, P. W. (*Economics*); Cordery, A. R. (*Pure Mathematics*); Edwards, N. A. (*Biology*); Harding, D. E. (*Applied Mathematics*); Mason, G. J. (*French and Latin*); Odell, B. G. (*Chemistry and Physics*); Passler, J. (*Geography and Library Service*); Sandilands, H. R. (*Library Service*).

CERTIFICATES

- 8 subjects Hardy, W.
 7 subjects Lambie, B. J.; Lucas-Smith, A. J. H.; Page, N. A.; Rowlands, D. G.; Tyrie, C. R.; Deuchar, A. B. M.; Gilbert, H. J.; Jervis, A. F.
 6 subjects Clark, J.; Clay, R.; Davenport, C.; Dutton, C. J.; Elliott, I. H.; Evans, C. C.; Faulkner, P. J.; Halstead, K. S. H.; Holliday, F. M.; Jones, A. L.; Lewis, M.; Mason, V.; Rees, C.; Simcox, T. R. F.; Stratford, P. J.; Turner, W. A.; Willatts, R. J.; Wilson, D. G.
 5 subjects Blackburn, A. E.; Brett, M. J.; Carter, W. T.; Colbourne, M. W.; Franks, R. D.; Gaynor, J. F.; Holdford, D. R.; Knight, T. F.; Levings, A. P.; Lindop, I. J.; Martin, K.; Middleton, P.; Davey, F. J.; Osborne, W. R.; Smith, G.; Watson, A. W.
 4 subjects Dibling, R. C.; Edwards, R. S.; Freeman, D. J.; Johns, R. J.; Mant, J. C.; Martin, P.; Little, G.; Titcomb, I. W.
 3 subjects Angus, D. J.; Ball, T. H.; Harding, R. J.; Jeffries, J. D.; Pywell, J. G.; Ward, B. A. M.; Wilmot, T.

ADDITIONAL TO SIXTH FORM STUDIES

- 2 subjects Davey, P. G.
 1 subject Bowers, A. R.; Matthews, E. G.; Sheehan, T. J.; Flynn, J. F.; Harding, D. E.

UPPER SIXTH FORM

Oxford Certificate of Education (Advanced and Scholarship Levels)

PRIZES AND AWARDS

Little, J. R. G. (*English and French*) (1 pass at A Level, 1 at S Level).
 Harpley, F. W. (*Mathematics*) (3 passes at A Level, 3 at S Level, 1 Distinction at A Level).
 Morgan, J. E. (*Chemistry and Physics*) (1 pass at A Level, 1 pass at S Level, 3 Distinctions at A Level, 1 Distinction at S Level).
 King, G. A. D. (*Economics*) (1 pass at A Level, 1 at S Level).
 Bester, R. H. (*Geography*) (3 subjects at A Level).

COUNTY EXHIBITIONS

Abbott, J. R.; Cousins, M. R.; Hyde, S. J.; King, G. A. D.; Matthews, E. G.; Richardson, B.; Rowe, A. J.; Spooner, D. C.; Wheeler, P. C.; Wilson, R. J.

STATE SCHOLARSHIP

Morgan, J. F

CERTIFICATES

Abbott, J. R.; Arthur, D. G.; Ball, K. F.; Bester, R. H.; Bowers, A. R.; Buckland, A. N.; Clements, A. A.; Cooper, R. F. H.; Cousins, M. R.; Deuchar, M. A. W.; Dovey, M. S.; Hanson, C. G.; Harpley, F. W.; Hyde, S. J.; King, G. A. D.; Little, J. R. G.; Long, B. J.; Matthews, E. G.; Morgan, J. E.; Noble, D. H.; Richardson, B.; Rowe, A. J.; Sheehan, T. J.; Siney, J. J.; Spelman, M. J.; Spooner, D. C.; Tunbridge, D. E. L.; Wheeler, P. C.; Wilson, R. J.; Windle, D.; Wynne-Jones, J. A.

A.C.F. Certificate A—Parts I and II

Cadets Burfoot, C. F.; Clements, E. G.; Hanson, J. M.; Keenan, R.; Levings, A. P.; Oliver, G.; Osborne, W. R.; Lucas-Smith, A.

SPECIAL PRIZES

Swimming Championship Challenge Cup (*presented by County Alderman A. E. Ward*) J. C. Bambrough.

General Service: M. S. Dovey.

The "Ford" Cup (*for outstanding voluntary Service to the School*):

F. W. Harpley.

Dramatics Prize: J. Barker.

Old Paludians' House Shield (*for Games and Athletics*): Herschel House.

Headmaster's Prize: K. Ball (Head Boy 1956/57).

The Prize Fund has been greatly assisted by the generous donations received from Parents, for which the School is most grateful.

School Activities

Julius Caesar

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY followed up its successful performance last year of "The Merchant of Venice" with the tragedy "Julius Caesar". The success of this presentation could be judged by the ovations of the audiences on the four nights on which the play was produced.

The tragedy was performed in two acts, each rising to a satisfactory climax. Mr. Purvis is to be highly praised for the speed and ease that his production lent to the evolution of the plot, using the barest minimum of scenery, thus avoiding the unnecessary interruption of the action. This simple arrangement inevitably demanded greater stage-craft from the actors, placing the emphasis on character; but the principal players all rose to the occasion.

J. Barker, in perhaps the most striking performance of the evening, gave an unusually powerful portrayal of the embittered Cassius, lending to the role his individual treatment, coloured by an ability both to act and speak convincingly.

Less convincing in his acting in the earlier scenes, R. Monks, in his first major role, proved a reliable Brutus "at war with himself", speaking his lines with clarity and sincerity.

R. Sandilands proved highly popular as the opportunist Mark Antony, giving the second outstanding performance of the evening. A vigorous and confident actor, his speeches carried great conviction and depth of feeling.

For the second time in the history of the Society, a member of the staff acted in the School play; Mr. Sonnex is to be thanked both for undertaking the harrowing task of playing opposite his pupils and for giving a satisfying performance in the title role.

The supporting cast in "Julius Caesar" is a large one defying detailed description, but four names are perhaps to be singled out for individual comment; H. Steen as a stalwart Casca, the leader of the subordinate members of the conspiracy; M. Reeves and J. Ivins, for showing once again how realistic boy actors can be in the parts of adult women; and C. Evans who ably and convincingly led the citizens in the mob scenes, upon which is largely dependent the success of the play as a whole.

As always, much depended on the smooth running of off-scene activities. In this field, we were particularly indebted to Mr. Surry and Mr. Rowland for stage management; to Mr. Mills, assisted by M. Dovey and P. Lawrence, for first class lighting effects; to Messrs. Doncaster and Redgrave, for stage carpentry; and to Mr. Wharmby for management of house and box-office.

Inevitably, the number of those involved in the production, whether on-stage, or behind the scenes, or on the floor, far surpasses the few named here; all, therefore, are to be commended on their obvious enthusiasm which, overcoming all obstacles, resulted in a memorable presentation of one of the masterpieces of our language.

G. J. MASON.

School Corps

WE HAVE BECOME once again an independent company of the Army Cadet Force, as we were before the last war. Incidentally, we would welcome any information about the Corps in those days from former members, especially if it referred to the years before 1925.

We shall camp by the sea again this year. Last year it was Weymouth. This summer the ten days from July 27th to August 6th will be spent near Gosport, looking across to the Isle of Wight. We shall be within easy reach of Portsmouth, Southsea, Southampton, Bognor Regis, Chichester and Arundel.

The highlight of last year's camp was the 24-hour endurance exercise, including a forced march of 13 miles, a night's bivouac and an early morning scheme. The Company also won the Interior Economy Cup for the umpteenth time and the Guard Mounting competition for the first time. On the latter occasion, L/C Lucas-Smith was chosen as the smartest Cadet.

Certificate 'A' successes included the following:- Part II: Cpls. A. P. Levings, W. R. Osborne, E. G. Clements; L/Cs. C. F. Burfoot, G. Oliver, J. M. Hanson, A. Lucas-Smith, and R. Keenan. Part I: L/Cs. A. C. Henry, and M. N. Colbourne; Cadets N. R. Arden, G. Ayre, D. G. Buckley, R. A. Burrell, N. Lovelock, R. Palmer, B. A. Roberts, K. G. Robey, M. Simmonds, and W. D. R. Thomas.

In the Signals Classification examination which was conducted, for the first time here at School, by G.II Royal Signals, Salisbury Plain District, Cpl. Levings, L/Cs. Lucas-Smith and Hanson, and Cadets Lovelock, Palmer, Roberts, Burrell and Robey were successful.

Last Christmas holidays Sgt. Rees and Cpls. Levings and Clements attended a week's Infantry Instructors' course at Bulford Camp, Salisbury Plain. All three passed and Cpl. Clements secured a very good mark.

During the recent Easter holidays, Cpl. Levings and L/Cs. Lucas-Smith and Hanson went to a Signals Instructors' course with the Royal Signals, also at Bulford Camp, but we have not received their results yet.

The Wireless Section continues to operate on the Schools National Net, but so far we have not been able to participate in the Meteorological Net.

We are greatly indebted to the County Cadet Committee as always for their assistance, and especially this year for the regular visits of Mr. Gray and the transformation which has been effected in the Armoury. We hope that the promised hut will materialise in the near future.

Congratulations must go to L/C. Henry for his excellent victory in the Inter-Counties A.C.F. cross-country championship held at Blandford, Dorset, and for securing a place on the Outward Bound (Sea) Course this coming summer.

A new venture this year was the exhibition of signals equipment at the Junior School Prizegiving, and the Signals Section are to be complimented for the hard work they put into it, under the experienced guidance of Mr. Gray.

We wish all success to the candidates in the coming Certificate 'A' and Classification Examinations, and good luck to those members of the Company who will be leaving school this term. May they at least consider the Territorial Army in this, its Jubilee Year. We are sorry to be losing so early K. G. Robey, who is moving to Scotland.

Finally, the Company Commander wishes to thank all the N.C.O.'s for their loyalty and enthusiasm, and especially Sgts. Beasley and Rees, who have shared the responsibilities of Senior N.C.O. this year.

Perpignan, 1957

THE HOLIDAY planned by Messrs. Collin and Purvis was to entail spending eleven days in Perpignan in the South of France and two days in Paris.

We made an early start and after crossing the Channel via Folkestone and Boulogne reached Paris at 5.30 p.m. where we were taken to L'Institut Montagne for our first French meal which, incidentally, was not snails and frogs' legs.

We departed to catch the Barcelona Express to the south none too early and flung ourselves on to an already moving train.

We found our so-called "reserved" seats occupied by some most unobliging Spanish soldiers so some of us spent the journey through the night in the corridor. To console himself one of the boys drank a litre of red wine and was slightly(?) merry for the rest of the trip.

We arrived in Perpignan twelve hours later smelling of French hair-oil and garlic to be greeted by blazing sunshine and our guide, Mam'selle Marie José Pugal, who escorted us to the Lycée Arago where we were to make our stay.

A very hot but interesting morning was spent on a short trip around the town after which we had our second splendid French meal, helped down by either red wine or iced beer.

The following day was spent at the local Mediterranean beach, Canet Plage. Immediately on arrival we peeled off our clothes, donned bathing costumes, entered the warm blue water and took very little notice of Mr. Collin's warning of "No more than ten minutes in the sun."

That night some of us went out to see the street dancing and entered into a gesticulatory conversation with the local inhabitants. We crawled in for bed an hour and a half late.

While waiting for the inevitable breakfast of rolls and coffee it was noticed from the empty places that the previous day's sun had taken its toll. In the morning we browsed, fascinated, around the shops and markets and spent the afternoon at the Palace of the Kings of Majorca. The evening was spent by many in the very English "sport" of pillow-fighting.

The following day the local swimming pool was invaded by a horde of pink English schoolboys. In the afternoon, some of us who were devils for punishment, invaded Canet Plage again for another "bake-up" but this time fortified with "Ambre Solaire" sun-tan lotion.

On our coach trip the next day we visited Valmy, Argeles, Collioure, Baryuls and Cerbere. At Valmy and Baryuls we spent an enjoyable time wine-tasting. On a later trip to Thuir we saw the world's largest wine vat in the Byrrh wine caves. One of the highlights of this trip was the walk across the Spanish Border for which we actually had to put our shirts on. Very particular, those Spanish!

We later went on a visit to Fort Romeau in the Pyrenees and saw St. Georges Gorge, a very impressive scene where a rapid stream had cut an 800-ft. deep path in the mountain.

A variety of things happened in the next few days; a freak electric storm, a trip to a bullfight at Ceret from which we returned full of the details of the gory death of the unfortunate bulls. A small group of us obtained permission to see the stars of the "Tour de France" cycle race in a sprint match at the local stadium.

A trip was arranged to Prades, the home of Pablo Cassales the 'Cellist. On this trip we drank "health water" from a natural spring, which, incidentally, tasted like a well known brand of health salts. On this trip we managed to climb part of the highest peak in this area, Mt. Carigon, 10,000 ft.

On another trip we walked several miles along the cat walk at the bottom of the 1,000-ft. Gorge de la Fou, where in places the two walls were only four feet apart.

After several more days of coach trips, present buying, swimming, eating, acquiring a taste for the grape and getting to know the local female population, the time of departure arrived. A party of much browner, healthier looking boys, Mr. and Mrs. Collin, Peter, Anne and Mr. Purvis bade farewell to our guide José, Lycée Arrago and Perpignan and departed via French Railways for Paris.

Our destination in Paris, L'Institut Montagne, was reached in the middle of the night and to help matters, all the lights had fused.

After dragging ourselves out of bed the same morning we found the Institut had a juke box and a few English records which became rather worn during our stay. A hasty coach trip took us all round the Parisian "sights" that day; Sacre Cœur, the Eiffel Tower, L'Arc de Triomphe, the Louvre, Montmartre and all the other places. Several hours were spent that afternoon on a trip to the wonderful Palace of Versailles which was a most interesting and inspiring visit.

The next morning we bade a sad farewell to Paris and began a very flat, uneventful trip home. We even got through the Customs without mishap and after a most memorable holiday arrived in a very dull, drab London once again.

A. E. BLACKBURN, L.VI.

Germany, 1957

"GUTEN TAG!" came the cautious cry of a British visitor hanging from a German train window. To the person's triumph a group of Dutch farmers waved in reply. Every chance passer-by was then greeted with a "Guten Tag!" by the delighted and encouraged visitor who after a while returned, black faced, hoarse-voiced, and nearly decapitated by a passing train, to the rest of the Slough Grammar School exchange party.

A smooth passage had been enjoyed by all during the day, on a small ship whose decks were littered with blue clad Dutch girl guides returning from a jamboree, who insisted on endless communal singing, very nice of course, for a short while. Night fell during the train journey, but not much sleep was had that night and several members of the party made an enjoyable tour of Hamburg's sights at 3.0 a.m. whilst awaiting another train, but fortunately (and surprisingly) all reached their destination, to be met by their leather-shorted German friends and whisked off to a German home. They were there confronted with black bread, brown bread and grey bread, with all in between shades, and expected, by the friend's mother, to eat an enormous breakfast, she being totally unaware that the little Englander had spent the last 24 hours stuffing himself with assorted parcels of sandwiches, enormous amounts of fruit, slabs of Dutch chocolate, gallons of cheap watery German "Bier" (very refreshing of course), and assorted bottles of travel sickness pills, each reputed to be the very best.

After breakfast most of the day was used getting to know the town, Timmendorferstrand, a small resort catering mainly for German company directors and the like (consequently the prices were very high). The evening was spent catching up on sleep in a German bed, in which it is possible by cunning German arrangement of bedclothes and buttons to become immobile by morning.

The month, of course, passed quickly, most days being spent on the fine white sand and in the Baltic Sea, which was clear and had very little salt content. German was practised religiously each day in the shops which were frequented by the party. Occasional trips were made to local places of interest and beauty, the area of Schleswig Holstein being very beautiful with a great deal of traditions, being the centre of the Hanseatic League of sea merchants.

In the last fortnight, the German school, "Timmendorferstrand Gymnasium" re-opened and was attended occasionally by members of the party, who were on the whole pleased with the German school system of half-day attendance. As always towards the end of the holiday, things began to happen. A gingery member of the party lost a fight with a jelly fish, but recovered from stings in time to visit the German Schulfest, a sort of grand fete in the afternoon and dance in the evening which gave the party every chance to spend their last few marks, those that had any. The whole affair was arranged and performed extremely effectively by members of the German school, from a fortune telling tent to a stall selling innumerable species of the world famous German sausage.

The following morning, after oversleeping, a small group met to spend the last day on the beach, and all assembled again in the evening at the local station, with baggage and souvenirs. The homeward journey was eventful, including an interesting but difficult conversation with a Dutch train driver, and a rough return crossing which did not agree with many unfortunate members of the party. A diminished party arrived in London, for several members were left at Harwich trying to explain about a camera, and repacking their luggage. Whilst awaiting the reunion of the party by the next train, it was discovered that the coach had been forced to park several hundred yards from the station, but fortunately a British Railways trolley was kindly lent by an amiable porter, and with the aid of this the luggage was transported and somehow packed into the coach, which then carried the party home to a throng of waiting parents at Slough Station Yard.

M. COLBOURNE, L.VI.

Dale Fort, 1958

DALE FORT was built in 1856, as one of a pair of forts to guard Milford Haven. Eleven years ago it was converted for use as a Field Centre organising courses in Geography and Marine Biology.

For the past five years the School has sent a party of Sixth Form biologists to Dale Fort for one of these courses. This year, on Wednesday, 19th March, our party of six, headed by Mr. Colombo, left Slough well-loaded for Paddington, where we embarked on the train for Haverfordwest. On arrival there six and a half hours later we were relieved of our heavy luggage, which was taken on to the Fort by van, and were taken by coach to the very small village of Dale. As the Fort is just over a mile from there and the only road to it too narrow for the coach to navigate, we had to walk the remainder of the journey.

On Thursday we started work, and made a survey of the plants of the sea-shore along Dale beach, taking specimens of most of them back to our own laboratory for identification and further study. Having acquainted ourselves with the plants, the following day we repeated the work on the animals. The weather then turned completely against us, and we found ourselves working in a wind of almost gale force.

On Saturday most of the party from Bristol University who were with us on the course unfortunately "misaid" their pyjamas and for the remaining nights had to sleep without them. We, however, were engaged on more important work investigating the zonation of the plants and animals on an exposed shore by means of a transect (which is the study of life down a fixed line of the coast.)

Sunday was spent on a similar venture on a moderately sheltered shore. On this particular day one of our party was presented with a semi-dead slow-worm in his bed, which afterwards enjoyed a circular tour of others, narrowly escaping dissection.

Monday was spent digging in the sand and mud in and near the estuary of the River Gann, in order to obtain specimens of animals particularly adapted for a burrowing life. This, however, was only partially successful owing to the unusual height of the low tide.

On Tuesday, the last day for specimen collection, the wind dropped and the rain came. Undaunted, we went out to an exposed bay and examined and charted rock-pools which were very interesting because of the community of life in such a location. In order to reach the bay we had to climb over some rather awkward rocks, and more than one member of the party returned with wet feet.

The evening was spent packing specimens and preparing for the inevitable early start the following morning. At 7.30 a.m. we assembled in the village and boarded the coach for the start of the long journey home—tired but the better for our experience.

Our thanks are due to all whose tolerance and help made the course so interesting, and particularly to Mr. Colombo, without whom we would have been completely lost.

M. DOVEY.

Library Report

Chief Librarian: M. Dovey; *Accessions Clerk:* R. Sandilands; *Circulations Clerk:* J. Passler.

THIS YEAR AGAIN, the Library suffered a great loss when Mr. Waite left us. We wish him the very best of luck in his new position. We remember him for his tremendous efforts in compiling the catalogue and generally re-organising the Library. His post as Library Adviser has been very ably filled by Mr. Todd, who ran the Library before it moved to its new premises.

The Library has been very well used during the past year and we are pleased to report that about seventy-five per cent. of the School now use it regularly.

The Librarians have just completed the annual book check and it is unfortunate to note that again many books have been borrowed without the correct procedure having been followed and that a very great number of books are missing.

The Assistant Librarians, from all parts of the School, have, as always, been very reliable and their work is greatly appreciated.

The Librarians would like to express their thanks to Mr. Todd for his very great help in running the Library since he took over.

M. DOVEY.

Lake District, 1958

THE TRANQUILITY of the small urban district of Keswick in Cumberland was shattered at 8.20 p.m. of the 3rd April, 1958, when a coach loaded with excited, singing youths began to descend the hill into the Derwent valley. In the small town's centre, shopkeepers, who had lain dormant all the winter, jumped from their beds and hurried downstairs from their bedrooms to their shops, where they opened their shutters and piled their counters high with blue and red packets of "Everest Kendal Mint Cake". And in the streets local inhabitants conversed among themselves. "They're back. The boys from Slough." Indeed, we were. After a longer-than-usual journey in our Windsorian coach, driven by the never-failing, always-on-the-job "Mac", we had arrived in Keswick. Traffic jams on the way at Warrington and Wigan, where the structural beauty of that town's pier had been explained to ignorant Fifth Formers, and Lancaster, snow on the last thirty miles from Kendal—these things had not deterred us from believing that we should reach the County Youth Centre, where there lay awaiting us a welcome "sausage and mash", one of the Mac Cambridge "specials".

We went to sleep that night in a flurry of expectation, wondering what the morrow would have in store, and awoke to see snowflakes, larger than we had ever seen, passing by our window. But snow, or any sort of bad weather for that matter, does not deter us hardy lads from Slough. And that very day, the walking programme was set in motion with a 12-mile "bash" through real "Christmas-card" settings to Watendlath Fell, viewing many local landmarks en route.

On the days following, parties of varying speeds and sizes were sent to conquer Cat Bells, Maiden Moor, Grisedale Pike and other peaks that the celebrated "Grisedale Round" offers, White Pike, Great Gable, Langdale Pikes, Glaramara, Blencathra, from which the Irish Sea and the Isle of Man were visible, Scawfell Pike and Bow Fell, since rechristened "Alf's Folly" by the number of climbers led astray on it. In addition, some of the new Purveyors conquered Latrigg, and the older ones aroused themselves one morning at 7.30 (the alarm, please note, was set for 5.30) to ascend Skiddaw. Expeditions of less vigorous nature also had a part in the programme. Mr. Oldfield, new to the School but not to the Lakes, injured on the "Alf's Folly" "bash", took a small but eager party of English students to "do Wordsworth" at Grasmere. The traditional haunts of Wordsworthians, Dove Cottage and Grasmere church, where the poet is buried, were duly visited. In our coach, we ranged from Carlisle, Hadrian's Wall, the Roman fort at Housesteads, Alston, the highest market town in England, with the notable attraction of a cafe possessing a gramophone and a record of "The Surrey with the Fringe on Top", and the Eden Valley, to Whitehaven and Calder Hall, Britain's first nuclear power-station, where security prevented members of the Science Sixth Form from obtaining any information that could be put to a practical use on their return home (we're safe for a few years at any rate!) For students of the poet of the Lakes, who do not intend to become phisic masters, the coach was halted for a few moments in a no-parking area in Cockermouth on this trip to enable them to see his birthplace.

Our thanks must go to Mr. Purvis, who organised the expedition, to Mr. Oldfield and Mr. Surry, who kept parties in order without making us conscious of their position, to the warden of the hostel and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Mac Cambridge, for all they did to ensure our stay in Keswick was a happy one, to our experienced guides Alan Carr, Mick Ford, Dave Hossack, who greatly enhanced many of our walks by bringing his wife along with him, Alfie Bester and Barrie Long, and last, but most certainly not least to Mac, who drove us over one thousand miles in the coach, never grumbling and always ready to face the day's programme.

"Everyone who comes to the Lakes, will return." As the coach pulled out of the Derwent valley, and as the Sixth Form choir prepared to emit another round of their Lakeland repertoire, everyone in the party was resolved to do just that.

Finally, reports that members of the Fifth Form have obtained a controlling interest in a certain Keswick milk-bar have regretfully to be entirely discredited.

"WORDSWORTH FAN".

Göttingen University Orchestra

RARELY IS IT possible for a school to boast that it has been visited by a full-sized symphony orchestra; but such was our good fortune on October 4th, when we were privileged to receive, and to hear the Göttingen University Orchestra in the School Hall.

The orchestra had begun its stay in England by a few days of concentrated rehearsal at Dover. After that they toured by coach, giving at least one concert a day in a number of schools and universities. On the day of their visit to Slough, they had already given a concert in London in the afternoon, and arrived here tired and hungry. If the feast we were able, at short notice, to spread before our guests was necessarily of the crudest, the musical feast we received was quite the opposite! From the first phrases of Schubert's Fifth Symphony it was evident to everyone that these players were enormously keen, and that they were all playing with an abandon which one rarely finds amateur musicians capable of. Their performance captured wonderfully the sunny quality of this beautiful, tuneful little work.

The second work was a rare treat—the neglected E Flat Piano Concerto of Mozart. Martin Galling played it with magnificent authority and complete technical mastery and made it sound every inch the great work that it is. The programme ended with Mozart's G Minor Symphony No. 40. All in all it was a magnificent concert. The fine technique, the vitality, and the musicianliness of the orchestra made it a very satisfying musical experience, for which we are very grateful. We hope very much that they will come again.

We are indebted to members of staff and the parents of boys in the School who so kindly gave hospitality to the orchestra.

Choral Society

THE SOCIETY was formed from the School Choir after the very successful Carol Concert, which included parts of the Bach Christmas Oratorio, held at the end of the Autumn Term. After Christmas serious practice began for an ambitious presentation of Handel's *Messiah*; the actual performance took place on March 22nd, and was rapturously received by a full house.

This success was due in no small measure to the dedicated work of the two choirmasters, Mr. Wilson and Mr. McCabe. It was a pleasure to sing under their guidance. The soloists were Ena Hodges (soprano), Heather Wills (contralto), James Gordon (tenor) and James Hannah (bass), all of whom were excellent. Joyce Bailey was the pianist, and Mr. Wilson conducted.

Although the future is bright, there will be a great need next term for all singers, particularly basses. We hope that new members will fill the impending gap, since it is fair to say that no other society can give more pleasure to those within it.

J. F. PICKERING, R. PLEACE.

Music Society

THE YEAR BEGAN with the division of the former Music Society into two parts, one dealing with serious music and the other catering for the jazz enthusiasts. Many boys prefer music of a mixed rather than specialised nature, and as a consequence of this new policy membership was reduced. With the resulting smaller revenue the Music Society was unable to make very ambitious plans for the year, but a series of concerts was arranged on alternate Thursday evenings which were enjoyed by all who came. Attendance, however, was not good, and emphasised the comparative lack of enthusiasm in the School for serious music.

We would like to thank Mr. Wilson and Mr. McCabe for all their good advice and for arranging a series of very successful "live" lunch-time concerts which were devoted to piano, violin and song recitals. Mr. Hannah provided the songs, and we are very sorry that his stay with us was so short. We are very grateful to him for all that he has done to stimulate interest in music in the School, especially in vocal music.

Two very successful visits were organised to the Royal Festival Hall which were thoroughly enjoyed by the fairly large number of boys who attended.

On the whole, although support for the Society has been rather disappointing, the year has produced good rewards for those who did support it in a wider appreciation of good music.

P. W. CLEMENTS.

Debating Society

Chairman: Mr. Street; Secretary: J. Barker; Treasurer: C. Davenport.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY was formed in April, 1957, and eight debates have been held in the past year. Attendances have varied considerably with the interest in the subjects being debated; it is notable that the best attendances coincided with the highlights of the year. These were the debates with the High School on the respective motions: "That in the opinion of the House the emancipation of women has gone too far, is going too fast and ought to be halted," and "That this House deplores American influence on the British way of life."

The first motion, proposed, not unnaturally, by the School, was lost by 57 votes to 43 with 5 abstentions, but some comfort may be derived from the fact that more girls voted for the motion than boys voted against it. The second motion, opposed by the School, was also lost (i.e. a victory to the School).

Other motions debated have included: "That the present-day emphasis on Science is leading humanity to ruin," which was lost; "That the British schoolboy needs more freedom," which was also lost; "That this House deplores standards of taste in the modern arts," which was carried, and "That in the opinion of this House these are the happiest days of your life," which was lost by 24 votes to 6, with 9 abstentions.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking those members of staff, particularly Mr. Street, who have helped with their enthusiasm and encouragement.

J. BARKER.

Geographical and Historical Society

Chairman: N. Edwards; *Secretary:* C. Davenport; *Treasurer:* J. Passler; *Committee:* S. J. Hyde, C. Evans, M. Lewis, J. Mant.

THE SOCIETY HAS had a very active year. A large party of 40 members and Messrs. Wharmby and Wilson visited Rochester, where we were conducted round the Cathedral by the Head Verger, and the Isle of Grain Oil Refinery. Films on subjects from the Drainage of Fens to the History of Transport have been shown, as well as the film classic "Battleship Potemkin"; and two talks have been given by our archaeological consultant, Mr. J. Wymmer, on The Old Stone Age and Silchester. This term Silchester is on our bill of fare as well as a film lecture by Mr. Sonnex on the Rhine district of Germany. And plans are already being made for our Autumn Term programme.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Wharmby, Spence, Purvis and Wilson who have given so freely of their time and energy to our enterprises, and whose support and advice have been most helpful.

C. DAVENPORT.

The Natural History Society

Chairman: W. J. Layn; *Secretary:* N. J. Page; *Treasurer:* A. T. West; *Committee:* B. G. Odell, N. A. Edwards.

THIS YEAR THE aim of the Society has been to enable our members to do as much as possible for themselves, and hence gain useful practical knowledge. This was achieved mainly by expeditions into the local countryside, and the first this year was a visit to the Slough Sewage Farm to see some of the many rare birds which frequent such places.

This was followed by a Pond Life Quest which was held in Langley Park. The Quest proved to be most successful, and many interesting specimens were brought back to the Society's aquaria in the Biology Laboratory.

The Society's Record Book was also started this year, and consists of entries concerning various aspects of nature, written by members of the Society. Although only recently started, it already consists of a number of articles on birds and other animals, and also reports on the various field outings.

But undoubtedly the main event of the year was the Society's annual conversazione, held at the end of the Spring Term. This consisted of an exhibition of sea-shore life between high and low tides, arranged by the Sixth Form biologists on their return from Dale Fort, Pembrokeshire; a series of exhibits and experiments dealing with respiration, and a magnificent display of cacti and succulents, all arranged by members of the Society. There was also a programme of films, of which the main feature was "The Development of the Chick."

It is hoped that with the ever-increasing support the Society will be able to embark on topics which have been impossible in the past.

Student Christian Movement

THIS SOCIETY, whose aim is to give people of all denominations and beliefs the opportunity to think about the more important aspects of life, was only formed this year. We have therefore had to find our feet gradually, and whilst we did not expect to hit the headlines, steady progress has been made.

Up to the time of writing we have had several speakers from local churches to address our meetings, and a weekly Prayer Meeting has been held since January. Some of the members of the Sixth Form attended a one-day conference arranged by the S.C.M. at High Wycombe. The highlight of the year,

however, has certainly been the visit of Mr. Steve Levenson, a missionary with the Barbican Mission to the Jews, who spoke to us on his work in Tunisia.

Whilst numbers have been encouraging for a new venture such as this, we do feel that they could be increased still further at future meetings.

This report would not be complete without a word of sincere gratitude for the help and encouragement we have received from the Headmaster, Mr. Rowland and Mr. Church.

J. F. PICKERING.

Printing Society

THE PRINTING SOCIETY has prospered over the past year. Last summer a third and larger press was purchased, and has been invaluable in the fulfilment of a number of our larger orders. School societies, members of the School and outside societies, including universities, have kept our members busy with their orders. One of the main duties of the society is to print the tickets and programmes for School functions.

To conclude, we would like to thank all the people who have supported the society by giving us their orders. We are very much indebted to them.

D. S. RALLEY.

The Jazz Club

Chairman: G. Oliver; *Secretary:* M. Holliday; *Treasurer:* G. Smith; *Committee:* M. Colbourne, A. Blackburn, J. Pywell.

THE JAZZ CLUB was formed in September, and it was at once apparent that the majority of members were traditional jazz fans, not modern. The lunch-time concerts were a great success, and attendance was high.

To atone for the lack of modern jazz played, a trip to the Festival Hall was arranged to hear one of the great modern jazzmen of our time, Dave Brubeck. Later in the year the Club was invited to the High School to hear a talk given by the well-known jazz critic Rex Harris. He spoke on the History of Jazz, and most of us came away realising how little we had known about the subject.

A few keen members, with Mr. Wilson as musical adviser, have formed a jazz group. It consists of R. Edwards (piano), J. Gaynor (sax), M. Colbourne (sax) and D. Rowlands (guitar). They are now practising hard with the idea of giving concerts of their own.

We look forward to greater things ahead.

M. HOLLIDAY.

Aircraft Recognition Society

Chairman and Secretary: M. Dovey; *Treasurer:* P. Rix.

AT THE END of the last School Year, a party went on a conducted tour to B.O.A.C. Headquarters at London Airport, which was very successful.

During the Autumn Term three major meetings took place, together with several recognition tests. An Evening Film Show was enjoyed by all who came. The trip to Croydon Airport, despite not being quite as interesting as was hoped, proved very enjoyable and the Christmas Party was a very successful new measure, the response to it being very pleasing.

The proposed programme for the Spring Term was greatly cut down by the advent of the examinations and the response to those meetings which it was possible to arrange was rather disappointing.

It is hoped that in the Summer Term another Evening Film Show can be held, together with lectures on the identification of certain types of aircraft.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Wilson for giving so freely of his spare time to supervise our meetings.

M. DOVEY.

The Morris Men

Squire: J. Barker; *Bagman:* R. M. Monks; *Musicians:* Mr. N. McCabe, C. R. Timms, C. A. Timms.

ALTHOUGH LAST YEAR was a relatively dormant one for the club, it has continued to flourish, under the excellent guidance of Mr. Doncaster.

We believe that the coming year will offer more enjoyment and experience to us, notably taking part in the School Gym Display and the Windsor Day of Dancing. We hope that we will enhance our reputation at these and other coming functions, with the help of our competent musicians.

The full membership of the club has not been attained yet, and therefore may I take this opportunity of inviting any new members to take part in this healthy recreation.

R.M.M., 5B.

The Scientific Society

Chairman: A. E. Blackburn; *Secretary:* G. F. Smith; *Treasurer:* P. Smith.

THIS YEAR, the Scientific Society was taken over by members of the Lower Sixth.

The Society began its programme with several film shows to which our counterparts from the High School were invited. An Inter-School Debate was held and a small party visited the Pest Infestation Laboratories near the School. This proved a most interesting trip and we are very grateful to the staff of P.I.L. More film shows are planned for the near future and Dr. Chapman is to give us a lecture on Polymers.

During the year we have attended certain relevant meetings of the Geographical and Historical and Aircraft Recognition Societies. We are grateful to the Slough Astronomical Society's invitations to their meetings, which some of us accepted. This term a trip is planned to the Kodak factory at Wealdstone.

Finally, we would like to thank all the masters who have helped us with our meetings, especially Mr. Colombo, for the particular interest he has shown in our activities.

A. E. BLACKBURN.

The Art Club

Committee: E. P. Jordan, A. W. Lewis, G. W. Painting.

LAST TERM WAS a very successful one for the Art Club, over sixty boys enrolling at the first meeting.

During the term a wide variety of activities were undertaken, including work at lino-cuts and scraper boards, which yielded some excellent results. This term several events of interest, including film shows and outside visits, are planned.

Finally, it may be pointed out that, although Mr. Evans allows us complete freedom to use whatever art equipment we choose, the subscription is only sixpence a year.

E. P. JORDAN.

SOCCER FIRST ELEVEN



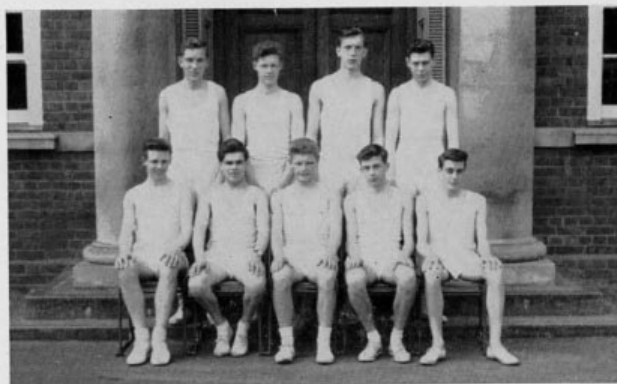
Back Row: D. Harding, K. Antill, A. Henry, R. Thomas, J. Clark, A. Cordery. Front Row: C. O'Donoghue, M. Holliday, D. Windle (Capt.), J. Barker, C. Evans, D. Ralley.

HOCKEY FIRST ELEVEN.



Back Row: D. Arthur, M. Lewis, T. Sheehan, R. Johnson, A. Lucas-Smith, D. Thomas, R. Burke. Front Row: C. Tyrie, S. Hyde, M. Deuchar (Capt.), B. Deuchar, B. Roberts.

SENIOR CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM.



Back Row: N. Page, R. Burke, R. Walmsley (Capt.), S. Passler. Front Row: C. Summerhayes, E. Clements, A. Henry, R. Hughes, K. Halsey.

UNDER 15 AND UNDER 13 CROSS-COUNTRY TEAMS.



Back Row: P. Hinchcliffe, P. Robinson, M. Dean, G. Lynn, N. Elguezabel. Front Row: D. Warren, M. Rouse, R. Flower, J. Marks.

Games and Athletics

Athletics, 1957

THE PAST YEAR has been most successful for the athletes of the School. Eight new records were established on Sports Day, we gained the cups for Classes IV and V at the District Sports and were well represented at the County Sports, and nine members of the School competed in the All-England Sports at Southampton.

The weather was again kind on Sports Day which was held in July, near the end of term. We were honoured by the presence of the Mayor of Slough, who graciously presented the trophies and certificates.

(G—Gray; Ha.—Hampden; He.—Herschel; M—Milton).

Class III.

100 Yards [Record (1948): 11.9 secs.] 1st, R. Turner (M); 2nd, G. Riglar (G); 3rd, P. Virgo (G); 4th, T. Phillips (Ha). Time: 12.9 secs.

220 Yards [Record (1949): 27.5 secs.] 1st, R. Turner (M); 2nd, P. Hinchcliffe (G); 3rd, G. Riglar (G); 4th, B. Antill (He). Time: 29.7 secs.

Long Jump [Record (1948): 15ft. 8½ins.] 1st, G. G. Thomas (G); 2nd, B. Thelwell (He); 3rd, J. Le Page (He); 4th, R. Johnson (M); Distance: 13ft. 4ins.

High Jump [Record (1951): 4ft. 5in.] 1st, J. Le Page (He); 2nd, C. Carritt (M); 3rd, B. Thelwell (He); 4th, G. G. Thomas (G); Height: 4ft. 3½ins.

Hop, Step and Jump [Record (1956): 31ft. 3½ins.] 1st, P. Hinchcliffe (G); 2nd, G. G. Thomas (G); 3rd, T. Phillips (Ha); 4th, J. Le Page (He). Distance: 28ft. 4½ins.

Putting the Shot [Record (1951) 44ft. 2in.] 1st, P. Hinchcliffe (G); 2nd, B. Greenland (M); 3rd, H. Boweren (Ha); 4th, D. Burley (He). Distance: 28ft. 5ins.

Hurdles [Record (1956): 10.7 secs.] 1st, R. Turner (M); 2nd, T. Phillips (Ha); 3rd, G. G. Thomas (G); 4th, J. Trigg (He). Time: 11.3 secs.

Relay [Record (1956): Herschel, 56.9 secs.] 1st, Gray; 2nd, Milton; 3rd, Herschel; 4th, Hampden. Time: (New Record) 55.9 secs.

Winning Team: G. Riglar, P. Virgo, J. Virgo, P. Hinchcliffe.

Class II.

100 Yards [Record (1956): 11.3 secs.] 1st, A. Alderman (He); 2nd, M. Taylor (G); 3rd, A. Dunn (G); 4th K. Lane (He). Time: (New Record) 11.15 secs.

220 Yards [Record (1948): 25.4 secs.] 1st, A. Alderman (He); 2nd, M. Taylor (G); 3rd, K. Lane (He); 4th, C. Hellmuth (M). Time (New Record) 24.6 secs.

440 Yards [Record (1956): 59.2 secs.] 1st, R. Thomas (He); 2nd, K. Lane (He); 3rd, M. Taylor (G); 4th, M. Elguezabel (Ha). Time: 57.5 secs. New Record in Heats: R. Thomas 57.0 secs.

880 Yards [Record (1956): 2 mins. 16.9 secs.] 1st, P. Read (He); 2nd, M. Elguezabel (Ha); 3rd, D. Thomas (Ha); 4th, E. Marsden (M). Time: 2 mins. 25.45 secs.

Long Jump [Record (1949) 17ft. 10½ins.] 1st, R. Thomas (He); 2nd, R. Stevens (G); 3rd, M. Taylor (G); 4th, J. McGlinchey (Ha). Distance: 16ft. 11ins.

High Jump [Record (1956): 4ft. 9½ins.] 1st, J. Field (Ha); 2nd, M. Head (Ha) and R. Stevens (G); 4th, K. Lane (He). Height: (New Record) 5ft. ½in.

Hop, Step and Jump [Record (1956) 34ft. 5½in.] 1st, R. Thomas (He); 2nd, R. Stevens (G); 3rd, M. Elguezabel (Ha); 4th, M. Taylor (G). Distance (New Record) 35ft. 8ins.

Throwing the Javelin [Record (1955): 130ft. 8ins.] 1st, V. Shemmans (Ha); 2nd, P. Read (He); 3rd, C. Makepeace (M); 4th, P. Robinson (G). Distance: 122ft.

Throwing the Discus [Record (1951) 111ft. 4ins.] 1st, P. Read (He); 2nd, I. Clarke (M); 3rd, V. Shemmans (Ha); 4th, R. Taylor (Ha). Distance: 109ft. 1½ins.

Putting the Shot [Record (1956) 32ft.] 1st, P. Read (He); 2nd, R. Thomas (He); 3rd, A. Gallen (Ha); 4th, A. Dunn (G). Distance (New Record) 35ft. 11ins.

Hurdles [Record (1956): 11.2 secs.] 1st, R. Thomas (He); 2nd, R. Hill (Ha); 3rd, R. Dowding (M); 4th, R. Stevens (G). Time (New Record) 11.05 secs.

Relay [Record (1956) Herschel 51.25 secs.] 1st, Herschel; 2nd, Gray; 3rd, Milton; 4th, Hampden. Time (New Record) 50.05 secs.

Winning Team: A. Alderman, K. Lane, I. Hodgson, R. Thomas.

Class I.

100 Yards [Record (1951) 10.6 secs.] 1st, M. Deuchar (M); 2nd, J. Pywell (G); 3rd, A. Henry (He); 4th, P. Davey (G). Time: 10.75 secs.

220 Yards [Record (1951) 23.75 secs.] 1st, M. Deuchar (M); 2nd, J. Pywell (G); 3rd, J. Passler (G); 4th, R. Hughes (Ha). Time: 24 secs.

440 Yards [Record (1954): 55.4 secs.] 1st, R. Walmsley (G); 2nd, M. Deuchar (M); 3rd, R. Hughes (Ha); 4th, S. Hyde (M). Time (New Record by R. Walmsley and M. Deuchar) 53.2 secs.

880 Yards [Record (1949): 2 mins. 9.5 secs.] 1st, R. Walmsley (G); 2nd, C. Summerhayes (M); 3rd, J. Morgan (He); 4th, B. Richardson (M). Time (New Record) 2 mins. 2.8 secs.

Mile [Record (1949): 4 mins. 50.3 secs.] 1st, R. Walmsley (G); 2nd, C. Summerhayes (M); 3rd, A. Henry (He) 4th, R. Burke (M). Time (New Record) 4 mins. 47.7 secs.

Long Jump [Record (1944): 20ft. 10ins.] 1st, M. Holliday (M); 2nd, J. Morgan (He); 3rd, M. Deuchar (M); 4th, G. Hanson (He). Distance 17ft. 5ins.

High Jump [Record (1937): 5ft. 6ins.] 1st, J. Morgan (He); 2nd, J. Pywell (G); 3rd, M. Holliday (M); 4th, R. Walmsley (G). Height 5ft. 1½ins.

Throwing the Javelin [Record (1951): 153ft. 3½ins.] 1st, D. Freeman (Ha); 2nd, D. Harding (G); 3rd, M. Parkes (G); 4th, A. Buckland (M). Distance: 139ft. 6ins.

Throwing the Discus [Record (1956): 133ft.] 1st, R. Walmsley (G); 2nd, M. Parkes (G); 3rd, A. Henry (He); 4th, D. Freeman (Ha). Distance: 124ft. 7½ins.

Putting the Shot [Record (1956): 45ft. 1in.] 1st, D. Harding (G); 2nd, M. Parkes (G); 3rd, M. Holliday (M); 4th, A. Henry (He). Distance: 40ft.

Hop, Step and Jump [Record (1956): 37ft. 7in.] 1st, M. Holliday (M); 2nd, M. Deuchar (M); 3rd, J. Pywell (G); 4th, A. Johnson (He). Distance (New Record) 38ft. 2ins.

Hurdles [Record (1956): 17.1 secs.] 1st, J. Pywell (G); 2nd, B. Deuchar (M); 3rd, J. Flynn (Ha); 4th, R. Bester (He). Time (New Record): 15.3 secs.

Relay [Record (1956) Milton 49 secs.] 1st, Milton; 2nd, Gray; 3rd, Herschel; 4th, Hampden. Time (New Record): 48.2 secs.

Winning Team: B. Richardson, D. Spooner, M. Holliday, M. Deuchar.

Open Mile Handicap: 1st, B. Kelley; 2nd, R. Burke; 3rd, J. Marks; 4th, A. Henry.

WINNING HOUSES: Class III, Gray; Class II, Herschel; Class I, Gray.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP: 1st, Gray, 260½ pts.; 2nd, Herschel, 205 pts.; 3rd, Milton, 188 pts.; 4th, Hampden, 156½ pts.

DISTRICT SPORTS, 1957.

Group IV.

100 Yards: 1st, A. Alderman [Record].

220 Yards: 1st, A. Alderman [Record].

Hurdles: 1st, R. Thomas; 2nd, R. Stevens.

880 Yards: 4th, P. Read.

440 Yards: 1st, R. Thomas.

Shot: 1st, A. Gibson.

Javelin: 1st, V. Shemmans; 3rd, C. Makepeace.

Discus: 1st, P. Read.

Hop, Step and Jump: 2nd, K. Lane.

High Jump: 1st, R. Stevens; 2nd, M. Head.

Won Cup for Group IV.

Group V.

440 Yards: 2nd, A. Henry.

880 Yards: 1st, R. Walmsley [Record].

Mile: 1st, R. Walmsley; 3rd, R. Burke.

Hurdles: 1st, B. Deuchar; 2nd, M. Holliday.

Hop, Step and Jump: 1st, M. Holliday [Record]; 3rd, B. Deuchar.

High Jump: 1st, M. Holliday.

Javelin: 1st, D. Freeman.

Discus: 1st, R. Walmsley; 2nd, A. Henry.

Relay: 1st: R. Walmsley, B. Deuchar, A. Henry, M. Holliday.

Won Cup for Group V.

COUNTY SPORTS, 1957.

Juniors.

100 Yards: 2nd, A. Alderman.

220 Yards: 3rd, A. Alderman.

Hurdles: 1st, R. Thomas; 2nd, R. Stevens.

440 Yards: 2nd, R. Thomas.

Shot: 2nd, A. Gibson.

Inters.

Hurdles: 4th, B. Deuchar.

880 Yards: 2nd, R. Walmsley.

Mile: 4th, R. Burke.

Discus: 1st, R. Walmsley; 2nd, A. Henry.

High Jump: 2nd, M. Holliday.

Hop, Step and Jump: 1st, M. Holliday [Record].

Seniors.

220 Yards: 1st, M. Deuchar [Record].

440 Yards: 1st, M. Deuchar [Record].

Mile: 3rd, B. Richardson; 4th, S. Hyde.

Shot: 2nd, M. Parkes.

Discus: 3rd, M. Parkes.

ALL-ENGLAND, 1957.

The following boys were picked to represent Bucks in the All-England School Sports:-

R. Thomas, 80 Yards Hurdles; A. Alderman, 100 Yards; R. Stevens, 80 Yards Hurdles; A. Gibson, Shot; R. Walmsley, 880 Yards [gained Standard]; M. Holliday, Hop, Step and Jump [gained 5th place]; A. Henry, Discus; M. Deuchar, 220 Yards; J. Pywell, 120 Yards Hurdles.

Cricket, 1957

FIRST XI.

THIS WAS NOT one of our best seasons. A young and inexperienced side failed during the early part of the season and this was in no small measure due to the lack of guidance and example set by the older players. The necessary enthusiasm was not apparent and this, coupled with the failure of the captain and vice-captain to produce anything like their true form, thrust far too great a responsibility on the younger players, who were not, as yet, fully equipped in technique or sufficiently mature in temperament to carry the burden. As the season progressed it was pleasing to note that the team spirit, and as a consequence the match results, showed improvement through the efforts of a loyal nucleus of players, who remain to form the backbone of this year's eleven.

One of the senior players, J. A. Wynne-Jones, who had been expected to be the mainstay of the batting, failed to fulfil expectations and apart from a few characteristic 20's was generally right out of form. A. Buckland, the most experienced cricketer in the side, also had a very poor season, and his consistency of previous years was sadly missed, while D. Arthur, who played some very valuable knocks early in the season, failed to maintain his form.

S. Hyde proved to be the only senior player who was of consistent value to the team, and his development into a complete all rounder was most delightful to observe. He seldom failed to get into double figures with his bat and revealed some fine attacking off-side strokes, while he bowled steadily and returned some very fine bowling figures.

Of the newcomers to the team, M. Holliday and J. Barker made noticeable advances as all round players. Holliday opened the innings, and his watchful defence made him a difficult player to dislodge. If he can develop some attacking strokes, he should score lots of runs in 1958. His bowling also proved very valuable on occasions, particularly in the parents match when he captured 7 wickets for 9 runs. Barker showed himself very keen to learn and made rapid improvement both as a wicket-keeper and batsman—he should become a very sound cricketer.

C. O'Donoghue always tried very hard in all departments of the game. He took useful wickets, made valuable runs late in the season and was always a most loyal member of the team. T. Knight revealed some natural talent and played a few useful innings. If he can eliminate a tendency to play across the line he should be an asset in coming seasons.

A. McCann improved considerably and should be the main attacking bowler in future years. A. Watson often bowled his off-spinners very promisingly and revealed stubborn qualities as a batsman. C. Evans, playing mainly for his fielding prowess, also showed fighting qualities. D. Spooner excelled as a slip fielder and made some useful runs, but D. Windle rather failed to fulfil expectations as a batsman.

With Hyde as skipper and an enthusiastic nucleus of Arthur, Barker, O'Donoghue, Holliday, Knight, McCann, Watson, Evans and Windle, as well as the youthful talent of C. Makepeace and K. Butler, we should look forward to a more satisfactory season in 1958.

UNDER-FIFTEEN XI.

After the highly successful 1956 season the under-15 cricket team finished the 1957 summer term with an equally good record. In all they played ten games, winning seven and losing three.

The team was unfortunately not so sure in the field as could have been wished, but the standard of batting was high, as was also that of the bowling.

It was a feature of the team that several times players from the under-13 eleven were included. With this fact in mind we look forward with confidence to yet another good season during the current term.

Makepeace again proved himself a menace with his very fast, accurate bowling, and his batting, if he once became settled, was always confident and lively. Butler captained the team throughout the season and gained in confidence as it progressed.

The team was chosen from: K. Butler, C. Makepeace, R. S. Davis, R. Dearlove, A. J. Gibson, P. S. Read, B. Hill, M. Elguezabel, E. P. Jordan, K. Antill, M. Simmonds, K. G. Wallis, P. Marsden, R. B. Dowding, R. I. Hodgson, and P. Robinson.

G.P.S.

DON'T LAUGH!

In other words—"The day the masters won."
Otherwise known as—"Shame on the First Eleven."
OR

"THE ANNUAL STAFF v. BOYS CRICKET MATCH"

AT APPROXIMATELY 2.30 p.m. on Wednesday, July 24th, the Master's Eleven, greatly strengthened by the inclusion of newcomers Messrs. Spence, Surry and Chapman, ambled leisurely on to the cricket field, to the sarcastic applause of the five hundred spectators. They all appeared extremely efficient in their precision-creased, sparkling whites and the odour of moth-balls drifted pleasantly across the field. They were all blissfully ignorant of the fact that they were about to make cricket history.

Rumours had been flashing about for many weeks previous—mainly about the bowling of Mr. Spence. He could evidently bowl faster than Trueman, move the ball in the air further than Loader, and spin them further than Laker, and, according to the reports of the out-coming batsmen, he could.

However, begin at the beginning, end at the end, and let the middle take care of itself. . . .

Mr. Spence opened the bowling from the Sussex-Place end and the first ball fizzed through the air like an angry bee. Holliday, opening bat for the school, knowing full well that it would miss the stumps by a fraction of an inch, allowed it to pass. The next three balls did likewise, but off the fifth one, Holliday scored a single.

The next bowler was Mr. Gibbs, the highly esteemed games master. He did, however, manage to bowl one ball near enough to the batsman for a single to be scored.

The first ball of Mr. Spence's second over uprooted the off-stump which sailed through the air into the lap of wicketkeeper Mr. Sonnex. Exit Holliday, enter Barker, who proceeded to score an excellent single, placing the ball firmly between his pads in the direction of deep fine leg. But two balls later, sad to say, Arthur, the other opening bat, swung hard at a full toss, omitted the important act of hitting it, and was l.b.w. to Mr. Spence.

The score-board now read, "three runs for two wickets," and seven balls later read "four runs for three wickets," Barker being the glorious scorer of the extra run and also the unfortunate out-going batsman.

Hyde then proceeded to prove, by the simple act of scoring runs, that Mr. Spence was not such a demon bowler; meanwhile Spooner was promptly clean bowled by Mr. Gibbs. The score now stood at nine runs for the loss of four wickets and Knight, the new batsman, arrived with the obvious intention of maintaining the place of his three stumps without any care for scoring runs.

Mr. Gibbs retired from the bowling, handing over to the capable spinning fingers of Mr. Mills, who immediately bowled Hyde (who had scored an effective sixteen), bowled Windle and bowled Buckland all in the space of six balls, and three overs later, ended the innings by bowling Knight (who had scored four runs in one hour), and Evans. The score had managed to reach the astounding height of thirty-one all out.

Never in the history of the school has so little been scored by so many in so few minutes.

Mr. Spence had a bowling average of four wickets for fourteen runs. Mr. Gibbs, one for nine runs, and Mr. Mills, a fantastic five wickets for six runs.

The First Eleven went on to their knees and licked the boots of the fielding side.

However, their shame was not complete. The masters came out after tea and after seeing the exit of Mr. Street and Mr. Spence for four runs, Mr. Gibbs proceeded to hammer the bowling in every direction. The sound of the hammer thuds followed this pattern, the pattern of Mr. Gibbs' batting—1, 4, 4, 4, 4, 6, 6, and in no time the Staff score had surpassed the paltry thirty-one of the First Eleven, to bring about the first (and we hope the last) victory of the masters.

However, all due glory to the Staff, but please remember, not so hard next time, because we are much younger than you.

Football, 1957-58

Results: Played 19, Won 13, Drawn 3, Lost 3.

THIS YEAR'S ELEVEN was by no means inexperienced in Senior School football, seven members having played last year. As the record shows, it was a very successful season, only one match being lost to a school team. The other two defeats were at the hands (or feet) of the Old Paludians and Newlands Park Training College. This last defeat may be viewed in the light that the College had several players who are on the books of professional clubs.

It was noticeable, however, that a good deal of hard work was brought by the team on themselves by "easing off" when leading. This is a fatal mistake, and must be remedied in future.

On the brighter side, the school is fast obtaining a reputation for good, clean football, and sides from an ever increasing area are requesting that we play them. Regular fixtures with Bristol and Reading University sides, and R.A.F. Medenham have been obtained, and these matches are bound to benefit our eleven.

When considering the performance of the members, it would be unfair to select anyone as outstanding from the rest, since it is team spirit that counts, and one must always remember that it takes eleven members to make a team. Therefore the players follow in team order:-

J. Barker (Goalkeeper). Very safe on the ground and in the air; he always controlled the penalty area as all good goalkeepers should.

D. Ralley (Full Back). He came to the fore in the trial games, having been unnoticed all the way up the school. He showed a fine positional sense and was very strong in the tackle.

K. Antill (Full Back). A good two-footed player, but early in the season showed a tendency to be too rash, and join the forwards. When he curbed this he became very sound.

A. Henry (Wing Half). Switching from inside forward, he made this position his own, and played there strongly all season.

C. O'Donoghue (Centre Half). A good stopper with a strong kick in either foot. He always used the ball intelligently to switch defence into attack.

D. Windle (Wing Half). A first-class captain. Played hard and showed an excellent spirit. The whole team responded to his intelligent prompting.

R. Thomas (Right Wing). Very fast, with good control, but he must learn to head the ball properly and to waste less time with his centres.

D. Harding (Inside Forward). A powerful player, but had a tendency to run away from goal instead of to it. On the whole, he had very consistent appearances throughout the season.

M. Holliday (Centre Forward). Very fast and with a strong shot, he scored many goals to complete a second successful season in the First Eleven.

J. Clark (Inside Forward). A strong, two footed player with excellent ball control. A prolific scorer, who got through a tremendous amount of work each match.

C. Evans (Left Wing). Also a newcomer to school football, he filled this difficult position very well. Although often outweighed he never ceased to try for the ball.

Others who turned out whenever the occasion demanded to fill the gaps most ably were: F. Gore, J. Pywell and A. Cordery.

UNDER 15 AND UNDER 13 TEAMS

We tried a very interesting experiment this season; we entered two teams for both the under 15 league and the under 13 league. This proved very successful and one had the feeling throughout that these additional elevens not only gave many more boys the chance of representing the school, but also aroused tremendous enthusiasm and competition for team places.

The Under 15 'B' XI finished runners-up in their league, and the Under 13 'B' XI actually finished top of their division. Both did well in the Cup Competitions.

UNDER 15 'A' XI.

It has been a very successful season for the Under 15 'A' XI; they won all three of the major trophies without losing a game, and scored a total of 48 goals with only 4 against.

K. Butler in goal, although having little to do, could always be relied upon, and improved steadily throughout the season. At backs P. Read and P. Robinson were fast, hard-tackling defenders, always breaking down their opponents' attacks, and using the ball well. At centre half I. Hodgson always played well, but unfortunately was unable to play towards the end of the season because of a twisted ankle. However, D. Robinson took his place and made an excellent substitute. R. Stevens and K. Lane completed the half-back line, playing skilful and consistent football.

In the forward line A. Gibson at outside left was outstanding, being the leading goal scorer with 16 goals to his credit. He had an accurate centre and a hard shot, as did C. Makepeace, the centre forward, who is probably the most improved player in the side. At outside right T. Flower is also a much improved player, and he and M. Elguezabel at inside right combined very well together, and many goals came from their moves. Also outstanding in the forward line was R. Dearlove who made many openings for Gibson.

Eight of the team, Butler, Read, Stevens, Hodgson, Flower, Gibson, Elguezabel and Dearlove played regularly for the Slough and District XI, whilst Read and Gibson played for the County XI with Butler as reserve.

Thanks also to L. Greenaway and R. Dowding, our reserves, who, although not quite good enough to be in the team, could always be relied upon to play when needed.

R. STEVENS.

UNDER 15 'B' XI.

The season just closed was an outstandingly successful one, during which the team was defeated only twice in league matches. We were only very narrowly beaten for first place in our section of the Senior League by Slough and Eton School, whom we wish to congratulate on their success.

In the Rebel Shield we put up a hard fight against the Technical School Senior Team and were only beaten 0-1 in the last two minutes of playing time.

The team as a whole soon settled down to playing as a unit and the defence was particularly strong and often courageous. Those who played regularly were: E. P. Jordan, H. P. Duffy, R. Curry, R. Giles, B. Antill, R. S. Davis, H. Williams, K. B. Haines, Willis, E. Foster, R. B. Dowding, B. Carter, D. Robinson (Capt.) and K. G. Wallis.

INTERMEDIATE 'A' XI.

The team has not done too well this season, due to a dearth of really skilful players. None of the matches has been outstanding. Nevertheless there was always plenty of team spirit, and competition for team places was brisk.

Of the ten matches played, 5 were won, 2 were drawn, and 3 lost. The team finished third in the league, and went down to William Penn in the final of the Lightfoot Cup.

P. Hinchcliffe, usually very safe, must learn to position better and so take command of his goal area. R. Hannigan at right back could always be relied upon for a good game, holding the winger well. Special mention must be made of J. Marks (Captain), who was moved from defence to forward line on many occasions when team balance was a problem. G. Bull, M. Jones and R. Turner in the half back line were good stoppers, but seldom were they in full enough control of the ball to make an accurate pass to start the forward line into attack. B. Kelley, top goal scorer, shows promise as a centre forward, and his ability to fasten onto any ball down the middle spells danger to any defence. Too often, however, passes failed to come through from the inside forwards, who were so often helping an overworked defence. M. Lewis and M. McGrory played well on the wings with R. Johnson and H. Willans usually inside.

Let us now look forward to next season for a team that will quickly grow strong enough to win back that Intermediate League Championship and Lightfoot Cup.

INTERMEDIATE 'B' XI

The team had a successful season and were joint winners of their league. They won all their home league matches and were defeated away only by Iver, with whom they shared the top of the league table, and Langley. They reached the third round of the Lightfoot Cup, but then were beaten by Haymill.

Once the team had settled down, they played confident, intelligent football with good teamwork. The defence was usually solid and the wing halves in particular, B. Thorpe, the Captain, and R. Steggall, were prominent with quick tackling and accurate clearance to the wings, where the strength of the forward line lay. D. Warren, at outside left, made up for his lack of inches by balanced footwork and tenacity. P. Daniel, on the right wing, mastered all opposing backs however large with neat, clever ball control. The weakness of the side was at inside forward, for the team lacked an effective centre forward throughout the season and, consequently, there was little cohesion. Even so, R. Flower proved a dashing inside-left and R. Holmes scored often with powerful shots at inside right.

The first-formers in the side should provide a nucleus of ability and experience in next year's 'A' team. M. Rouse, in goal, gained in confidence with every game. Left-back K. Robertson will be a great asset, but only if he curbs his fondness for holding on to the ball. With Daniel, Flower and Warren, the forward line will not lack a touch of artistry.

The regular players in this year's 'B' XI were: M. Rouse, E. Lucas-Smith, K. Robertson, A. Back, B. Thorpe, T. Phillips, C. Burley, R. Steggall, P. Daniel, R. Holmes, R. Flower, D. Warren, C. Timms and J. Trigg.

SIX-A-SIDE TOURNAMENT.

This year's tournament, which was played in unusually unpleasant conditions, nevertheless produced the now expected crop of surprises, thrills and,

of course, good football. The Staff team performed magnificently to reach the semi-finals; their good fortune in gaining a bye in the first round has become an annual event.

The Senior tournament was won by J. Clark's Six (J. Clark, D. Thomas, R. Dearlove, B. Deuchar, J. Pickering, D. O'Keefe), who beat C. O'Donoghue's Six.

The Junior competition was won by R. Giles' Six (R. Giles, N. Boweren, J. Burden, G. S. Thomas, J. Flower, C. Taylor), who beat N. Jones' Six.

Cross Country Running

Seniors.

The Senior Cross Country section this year proved to be far stronger than last year, winning three out of the six matches.

The first match against Slough Technical School was held at home and resulted in an easy victory to the School. The next two races held against Sir William Borlase's School were both very exciting. On the hilly course at Marlow the School was narrowly defeated. It was therefore very encouraging for our team when we beat them in the return match at home the following week. The next two matches against High Wycombe Technical and Bishops Halt were two rather crushing defeats partly through the absence of runners who were playing football for the School. The last match of the season was against Ealing Grammar School and Windsor County Boys. This proved to be a very fast race resulting in a clear win for Ealing with Slough second and Windsor third.

R. Hughes and A. Henry are to be congratulated for running consistently throughout the season and always being well placed. N. Page, C. Halsey, C. Summerhayes, E. Clements, R. Burke, J. Bambrrough and J. Passler packed well in most races, backing the leaders up well.

R. WALMSLEY, *Secretary and Captain.*

The main credit for the improved standard must go to R. Walmsley who, although prevented by an injury from running for much of the Spring Term, captained the team and supervised its training with enthusiasm and drive.

D.S.M.

Under 15.

This has been an encouraging season culminating in our team's victory at the District Championship at Eton where we won the Senior Challenge Cup for the first time in our history. But we have had one weakness in that we could only find four really reliable runners, and in the event of illness or injury to one of these our team was seriously weakened. Thus in the two races run against Langley Grammar School and the one against Slough and Eton School, we did not win once, but in the County Championship at High Wycombe, our full team ran well over an unfamiliar hilly course to finish 5th out of over 20 secondary schools.

A feature of our success at Eton was the fine packing of our team—the result of hard training—who in a field of 102 runners secured the following places:—6th, M. Elguezabel; 7th, G. Lynn; 9th, M. Dean; 13th, P. Robinson. This gained us the winning total of 35 points over Langley Grammar who after filling 1st and 3rd position had a total of 42 points. Haymill, the winners for the past four years were 3rd with 54 points.

The following boys also represented the School on occasions:—C. Doyle, R. Stevens, J. McGlinchey, G. Thomas, K. Lane, T. Legg, J. Taylor and J. Burden.

Under 13.

A number of very promising First Formers has made this year's under 13 team an unusually strong one and after decisively beating Langley Grammar and Slough and Eton School we entered the District Championship race at Eton with high hopes. These were fully confirmed when we gained a comfortable victory and won the Challenge Shield, again for the first time, beating Langley Grammar School our nearest rivals by 11 points. M. Rouse was also the individual winner, a fine performance for a boy not yet twelve, and R. Flower, another very promising runner who usually beats Rouse, came 3rd. The rest of the team, D. Warren (12th), P. Hinchcliffe (18th) and R. Barratt (30th), all ran well.

Others who have also run for this age group are:- J. Marks, who was unfortunately unfit for the championship run; J. Virgo, P. Virgo, B. Kelley, C. Timms, R. Hannigan and C. Ramsdale.

With four of this season's team still in their first year here we look forward to next winter with confidence.

*Hockey**Results:-*

v. Old Paludians 3rd XI, lost 1-4; v. Ranelagh School, Bracknell, lost 0-5; v. Strobe's School, Egham, lost 1-4; v. Maidenhead C.B.S., drew 1-1; v. Windsor Grammar School, lost 0-4; v. Henley Grammar School, won 5-0; v. Maidenhead C.B.S., won 4-2; v. Newlands Park Training College, lost 1-2.

Team: M. A. Deuchar (Captain), S. Hyde (Vice-Captain), D. Arthur, F. Sheehan, A. Hudson, A. Deuchar, C. Tyrie, R. Burke, D. Thomas, B. Roberts, A. Lucas-Smith, M. Lewis, A. Johnson, E. Hill and R. Nash.

As the results show the team had rather a poor season. Only 2 matches were won, 1 was drawn, and 5 were lost. This was mainly due to the fact that only five of last year's team were available, and the team had to be rebuilt.

Of the new players, Sheehan, Hudson, Tyrie, Roberts and Thomas obtained regular places, and Lucas-Smith, Lewis, Hill, Johnson and Nash played occasionally.

The sound play of M. Deuchar, Hyde, A. Deuchar and Burke in goal, was recognised by their selection to play for Bucks. Colts in the Inter-Counties Tournament at Seaford this Easter.

Arthur, though he missed this honour, was the team's top scorer.

Thanks are due to the Old Paludians Hockey Club for their Summer coaching, which unfortunately only a few of the team attended, and for giving several players regular places in their Saturday teams.

To end on a bright note. It seems likely that in future years the School team will become much stronger, as hockey has started once again in the Fourth Forms, and for the first time in the Third Forms.

A. B. M. Deuchar, *Secretary*.

Rugby Football

The future of the Rugby Club looks promising. This past season, although the fixtures have been limited, has proved highly successful and it is to be regretted that the team has to be inevitably disorganised by leavers every year. For the players have worked as a team and not merely as individuals, as they tended to do in previous seasons. And even if the standard of play is not perfect, the team spirit is there.

There are now a number of up-and-coming youngsters from the Third and Fourth Forms who receive instruction once or twice a week and who will most certainly two years from now combine to form a promising team.

Even so, for a school of this size the number of enthusiasts is small. Therefore I hope more boys, especially Juniors, will be encouraged to take up the game.

B.B.

Swimming

The Senior Gala this year was not a "high spot" for our swimmers; probably we were not up to our usual standard, for some members of the team—A. Altmayer, I. Clarke, C. Doyle, C. Makepeace, A. Oliver, A. P. Smyth, G. G. Thomas and G. J. Thomas—are young enough to be in the team again next December, when we shall hope for better results. A. Oliver, who gained 3rd place in the Backstroke event, was the only points winner.

The Intermediate Gala in March provided much greater excitement. K. Watson won the Diving event; R. Godley was 1st and B. M. Hynam 2nd in the Breaststroke style event; J. Marshall gained 4th place in the Backstroke race, while K. Watson was 2nd and B. M. Hynam 3rd in the Breaststroke race. This gave us a total of 17 points, with the Team race still to be decided. Unfortunately, both William Penn's team and our own had been disqualified in the Team race heats, so the final Gala placing depended on who won the Team race. The Orchard School had been 6 points behind us but by winning the Team race they raised their total to 19—1st place. Grammar School 2nd, with 17 points; Slough & Eton 3rd, with 11 points and William Penn 4th with 10 points. Our team also included J. M. Gray, G. Bucknell and E. P. Lucas-Smith and all members of the team are to be congratulated on their fine efforts.

Rowing Club

Captain: R. G. Hughes.

Despite the fact that two of the most prominent members left last summer, a number of Fifth Formers have since joined and the Rowing Club now has a full membership. It was thought at the beginning of the school year that there existed an excellent chance of attaining the standard necessary for competing in Inter-schools competitions. This standard, however, has not yet been reached, due to the short evenings of the first few months, and in part also to the fact that some of the more experienced members found difficulty in attending the meetings every Wednesday due to other sports. However, these unfortunate circumstances have now been overcome to a greater extent, and a regular first crew is now able to train together.

It has been generally realised that one afternoon a week is not sufficient practice, and it is hoped that with the coming of the milder weather more members will be able to make use of the boats and instructors over the week-ends. It is noticeable that the rowing of those members who do visit the Club on Sundays has improved very rapidly. We are very grateful to Mr. Colombo, who has made the journey to Windsor every week, even during the coldest weather, to instruct and encourage us, and to the Eton Excelsior Rowing Club who have allowed us the use of their equipment and premises.

R. G. HUGHES.

Basketball

Basketball was introduced at the beginning of the school year, as an exclusive Sixth Form activity. But it proved so popular that it was decided to form, as well as the original team, an under 15 team.

The main difficulty which confronted the teams during their infancy, was to arrange matches with other schools. This was no easy task, for very few schools in the district play Basketball. Nevertheless, games were arranged although the team had to travel as far afield as High Wycombe and Chiswick. Most of these schools have been playing for a number of years, so it was not surprising that in the early stages, our teams met with far superior sides. But what our teams lacked in experience, they certainly made up in enthusiasm. Their records to date are: - Seniors, Played 5, Won 3, Drawn 0, Lost 2; 119 points for, 113 points against. Juniors, Played 2, Won 2, Drawn 0, Lost 0; 74 points for, 28 points against.

Towards the end of the Spring Term an Inter-house Basketball Championship was organised in conjunction with Sports Day. This was won by Herschel, with Milton 2nd, Gray 3rd, Hampden 4th. Undoubtedly the highlight of the championship was the match between Herschel and the staff. Both sides were well supported, and after a keenly fought game, the staff were defeated by 21 points to 6 points.

We must congratulate W. Layn on his captaincy. Not only was he a first class captain, but he proved himself a great help in the organisation of this activity.

The Basketball Fiasco

A roar of mingled amazement, laughter and disbelief from two hundred boys clinging precariously to the wall bars, heralded the arrival of the staff basketball team, clad in variously-coloured shirts, shorts and footwear.

Utterly exhausted by the very tiring acts of autograph-signing, bow-taking and curtsying, the unfit, untrained and unfair masters insisted on a few minutes' rest before beginning the match—if it was possible to call such a fiasco a match.

At last (alas, for them), the whistle blew and the match began. Seconds later, a deafening scream from Captain Gibbs called for a substitute and a weary, dishevelled, aching and rugby-loving Mr. Spence, left the field.

However, ridicule turned to amazement, amazement to admiration and admiration to disbelief, when Mr. Doncaster managed to gain possession of the ball and pop it into the basket.

All the masters crowded round their hero, patting him, shaking his hand, and carrying him back to the centre spot, and to celebrate this memorable occasion, Mr. Gibbs, captain of this wonderfully energetic, fit, well-trained and polished team, called for substitutes to give the victorious four a well-earned rest after their gruelling, thirty-second spell of basketball.

Alas, alack, and unfortunately, the boys' team was perhaps the more skilled and fitter of the two (at least before tangling before Mr. Saunders Esq.), and the score began steadily to rise against the staff.

All tricks were tried—tripping, hitting, squashing against wall-bars, striking over head with clenched fist, or jumping sharply on the toes of the unfortunate boys, but to no avail. The cry of "Revenge for the Cricket Eleven" rang throughout the gym, and the Staff team, against a more experienced side, were unlucky to lose by the very narrow margin of 21 points to 6 points.

All due respect and admiration to the gallant few—Messrs. Doncaster, Spence, Gibbs, Saunders, Street and Oldfield, better luck next time, and remember—

"LERO REGO BOFAR MICHO NEX"

or—please learn the rules before the next match!

T. KNIGHT, Lower Sixth.

A School Anthology

Der Ring Des Nibelungen

FEW MEN HAVE made more noise in the world than Herr Richard Wagner, and if anyone doubt it, let him try *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. The Ring is made up of four operas—*Das Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Götterdämmerung*—and contain certain musical "motives", but Mr. Wagner's motives are often very hard to understand. "Blow it all!" says our Richard. "Here goes!" Eight trombones start full blast. Mr. Wagner's rule is: "When in doubt, beat the drum." This excites the man playing the cymbals so much that he, too, joins in. The violins tremble with indignation; the horns begin; and the singers yell in another key—to show they are not put off by the odds against them. Half-a-dozen motives have been going on—if only one could have picked them out!

The Ring opens with a view of what it is like at the bottom of the Rhine. Here are the three Rhine Maidens—Woglinde, Flosshilde, and Wellgunde—trying to remember that "pretty little thing they heard last night." They don't recollect the words so Woglinde sings the tune to the thrilling words of:

"Weia! Waga! Waga la Weia!
Wallala, wiala, weia!"

Then "gin a body meet a body coming down the Rhine," everybody joins in the chorus. These girls are looking after the Rhinegold, and a bad old dwarf named Alberich comes and walks about in the water. The girls don't object until he climbs up a ladder from the bottom of the Rhine to a ledge where the Rhinegold has been left and calmly walks off with it tucked underneath his arm. Then they really let off steam—which, by the way, they do at every possible occasion. Before the steam has quite evaporated we find ourselves at the top of a mountain where Wotan, the King of the Gods, is in very low spirits, because the giants have built him a palace and are coming to get their money due. The *Can't-Pay-The-Rent-And-I-Don't-Know-What-I'm-Going-To-Do-About-The-Taxes Motive* expresses Wotan's sorrow, after which in come the two Giants, Fafner and Fasolt. (You know they are giants immediately because the programme tells you; though as a matter of fact, dwarfs, giants, gods and humans are all the same size.) To their *Now-Then-Mister-Are-You-Going-To-Pay-Up? Motive* Wotan replies that he would be much obliged if they would kindly call later, and off they go taking with them Freia (a very good cook) as security. Now the Gods are in a very bad way altogether. So Wotan goes off to steal the Rhinegold from Alberich, who after hours of practice, has become very good at conjuring tricks. And at Wotan's request he changes himself into a crocodile, which makes the old god rather nervous. Alberich then changes himself into a toad, and to the *"Ha-Ha-I've-Got-You-Now Motive*, Wotan treads on him and steals the ring and all the dwarf's money. The giants call again, Wotan settles their little account, and then, to the *Klump-Him-On-The-Kopf Motive*, Fafner settles his brother.

Parts of *Die Walküre* had best not be talked about; but it may be said that Siegmund, having been in a fight with Hunding's brother, runs away and takes refuge in Hunding's hut. Hunding asks him to supper, but doesn't give him any, so Siegmund, who is hungry, challenges him to a duel after breakfast—that is to say after Hunding's breakfast, for Siegmund's chances of getting any are very remote. Wotan's wife drives in, in her chariot drawn by rams to the *Baa-Baa-Black-Sheep Motive*, and after letting the old god have it for being away from home so long, insists on him seconding Hunding; and his daughter, Brünnhilde, backs up Siegmund, though her father tells her not to. Neither of the combatants has the least intention of fighting, and both apparently

die of fright, in spite of the fact that Siegmund found a sword sticking into a tree which, he was told by Mrs. Wotan, would render him invincible. The ring they are all fighting about is not really any good to anyone, and the All Conquering sword is smashed at the first go off. Wotan then proceeds to have it out with Brünnhilde, who has run away to her sisters (called the Valkyries) and finds them playing at horses. Up comes Wotan and condemns Brünnhilde to go to sleep for an indefinite period, only permitting her to have a fire lighted around her to prevent her from catching influenza and therefore stopping her from expressing her gratitude to the gallant knight who rescues her.

This knight is to be Siegfried, who is living in the forest with Alberich's brother Mime. Wotan is prowling around, and as he can't get anyone on the stage to listen to him, he keeps on obliging the audience with another song until Siegfried turns up, joins together the pieces of the sword his father, Siegmund, made such a mess of, and goes in search of Fafner, who is living in a cave disguised as a dragon. He greets Siegfried with the *Aren't-You-Frightened? Motive* but Siegfried isn't in the least, and before Fafner can change back, he is pierced by the sword and perishes to Siegfried's *Just-About-Under-The-Fifth-Rib-I-Think Motive*.

Siegfried then sits down to rest and to listen to the songs of the birds. One of them to the *Second-Turning-To-The-Right-Then-Straight-On Motive* tells him where Brünnhilde is sleeping surrounded "mit feuer, schmoke und shtink." He goes, wakes her up, falls in love with her and then begins the Grand Vocal Competition.

"Nice voice you have," says Siegfried. "Oh, do you really think so? That's very kind of you," replies Brünnhilde. "Not in the least. Can you sing As?" "Certainly. Can you?" "I can sing Bs!" "Really! I can sing C sharp if I want to. Let's see how long we can keep it up. I'm a little out of practice though—Why! I've been sleeping here ever since you were born!" "How extraordinary! Never mind, come on!"

There is one excellent thing about *Götterdämmerung*—it is the last of the series. Advice to those who go to see it:— See the Prologue (which starts at about six-thirty); go out and have dinner somewhere; come back and ask a friend to tell you all about Günther and his relations. Here are Siegfried and Brünnhilde. He gives her the Ring, she gives him her horse, Grani. To the *A-Bit-Weak-In-The-Forelegs-But-Otherwise-Sound-Enough Motive* Brünnhilde tells her husband to behave himself when he is away. Unfortunately, Siegfried forgets he is married, commits bigamy and having had his attention turned to two birds flying over the forest he is stuck in the back with a spear by Hagen—his brother-in-law-by-his-second-marriage. The *Dirty-Mean-Trick Motive* expresses natural abhorrence.

Out of the forty-seven characters, forty-four are now dead, so the vocalists give in, and with a final triumphal flourish in the orchestra, it's all over.

IAN D. STUART, 4A.

A Deserted House

THE HOUSE STANDS back from the main London Road. The land surrounding it is enclosed by a wooden fence, broken and rotting. Looking through the iron gate one can see the weed-covered, overgrown and mossy driveway. There are bushes and trees beside the drive which have not seen a pruning-knife for years. Beside one tree stands a tool-shed; it has one broken window. The roof of it collapsed long ago and the door sags drunkenly on one hinge, showing the dirty, damp interior.

But the object that rivets one's attention and accentuates the gloom and loneliness is the large old house which sits, seemingly lifeless and dreaming, at the end of the drive. Before the front porch is a lily-pool where a sylph-like fountain once played on a night when the house was full of happy people, but in which sparrows now bathe and drink.

The windows of the house are miraculously intact and have withstood many different types of weather. They stare out upon the grounds like enormous eye-sockets. There is a rag of curtain in one of the upper windows which flutters in a strange dance. The window-sills have fallen into decay and are falling to pieces.

The roof has many slates missing and the rain runs into the gaps, making pools on the floor. The fireplaces have ashes in them of long dead fires, and lumps of soot occasionally fall into the grate as a bird tries to build a nest in the chimney.

There is a ballroom with all its furnishings intact, and the local people say that on moonlight nights strange, ghostly dancers are seen dancing the Last Waltz. It can easily be believed by an imaginative person. The floor is large, the table linen snow-white, the cutlery and glass looks newly polished, but even on the sunniest day there are dark, secretive shadows in the ballroom.

The whole house is, in fact, a house of shadows and of memories of days gone by. As one wends one's way down the bare, wood-floored hall and out down the overgrown drive, it is as if evening and dark are turned into morning and light as the house is left behind.

C. W. EVANS, 3A.

Colour, Light and Feeling

HE RAN HIS finger along the cruelly sharp razor that fate, with wicked dexterity, had placed before him. Of course he was right! How dare anyone doubt the word of Vincent Van Gogh. Slowly madness crept over him, paralysing sane thoughts and actions. The cobbled alleyways of Arles rang with the frightened strides of the fugitive, Paul Gauguin, and the crazed strides of his aggressor. Insanity, however, was to defeat its own aim. His strides grew shorter, and finally he fell. Time and again the razor struck into space, time and again it sang on the cobblestones; but Fate, not to be thwarted in its lust for blood, soon directed the blade to the flesh of its handler. The rich scarlet would have thrilled the artist.

The butler watched the red postal-carriage clatter down the frosty streets of Amsterdam. He then turned, entered the room opposite and uttered a well-worn, "Letter f'you, sir."

Turning the envelope, the recipient read, "To Theo. Van Gogh. From Paul Gauguin." He opened it slowly, not knowing whether to expect good news or bad. At last he read:

"Dear Theo,

I fear that once more my news is not at all I would wish. Your brother is even now recovering from an epileptic fit, during which he badly cut his right ear. But do not worry, Theo; he is well on the way to recovery, and due to your kindness, I am well able to take full care of him.

I sometimes think I am partly to blame for these attacks. His every picture shows some new development, one more stride towards truth through simplicity. I dare not give him the praise he seeks, lest he become satisfied, and static in his ideas.

"I, too, strive for his beauty and feeling, but I am too much the hedonist. My pictures are of greater general appeal, but less real value. I tell you this so that you won't belittle your brother for his lack of sudden fame. Your support of him is a great donation to art.

"You must visit Arles, and see him at work. At times I sit quietly behind him, and watch in admiration. On his pallet he has his few basic colours. Although he seldom mixes these, he produces a greater range than any of his predecessors. I watched him paint a sky with contrasting lines of lemon yellow, cobalt blue, and rose madder."

"In his expert hands, they produced a sky not only of delicate hue, but also full of light and airiness. Yes, you really must come and see him at work."

Paul Gauguin.

He put down the letter, and his mind wandered to that little place in France where so much of the history of art was being written in so short a time.

It was two months later that the butler in Amsterdam had again a letter marked "Arles". His master snatched it hungrily, for he had seen his brother's writing on the envelope. He read:-

"Dear Theo,

Please do not worry about me; I am quite well. I still argue with Paul, but I have learned to keep hold of myself. I even enjoy the arguments now—they are really electric, and afterwards our heads feel empty and discharged. We both learn much from them.

"Yesterday we went to a lecture by Chevreul. He had proved that light could only be created by pure colours, and also that colours create a complementary aureole around themselves. I have, of course, been using these principles for many years, but I am glad to know I am right. It gives me the confidence I need when the world is laughing at me.

"I am like a dog with a piece of meat; when I am full or frightened, I leave it, but each time hunger drives me back. My meat is a religious faith that I can only express as a whole, and without superfluous detail.

"A few weeks ago I was visited by Claude Monet. He said, 'When I go out to paint, I try to forget what objects are before me, a tree, a house, a field. I just think, 'Here is a little square of blue, here a rectangle of red, here is a line yellow,' and I paint it just as it looks to me, the exact colour and shape, until it gives me my own naive impression of the scene before me.'

"Add to Monet's visual painting my deep feeling, and you will see my aim. I want to say something comforting as music is comforting. I want to paint men and women with that something of the eternal that the halo used to symbolize, and which I seek to give by actual radiance and vibration of colour.

Your affectionate brother,
V.V.G."

Back in Arles, Vincent Van Gogh ran his finger along his brush. It was a very thick brush. . . .

K. S. H. HALSTEAD, Lower Sixth.

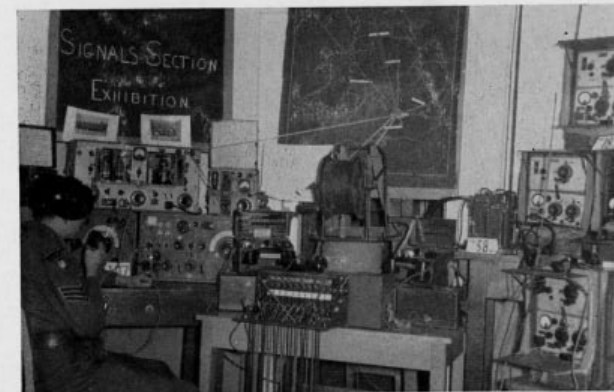
My Soul

My soul is a remorseful soul,
A sad soul,
An unhappy soul.
While in my youth, those happy days,
My soul was like a phoenix flame; afire,
Burning with joyful life's desire.
Yet sadness, bitterness, remorse,
Passed through my soul, on life's long course,
Leaving memories of mine,
Some sad, some joyful, some divine.
Now I am old, when I look back,
Along that weary beaten track,
I see my time is near at hand,
To go to Heaven's pleasant land.

B. BURNS, 1A.



SLOUGH GRAMMAR SCHOOL A.C.F., 1957.



A.C.F. Signals Section Exhibition, December, 1957.



Collioure, Roussillon.

G. F. Smith, L.VI.

Pensées

Le soleil jette les poignards de son aurore,
Qui percent le voile vermeil,
Des vapeurs qu'il dévore, comme le jour dévore,
Les rêves du sommeil.

Par une échelle de flammes il quitte la terre,
Grimpant sur une voûte azure;
Aux ombres du soir, comme un plongeur dans la mer,
Il traîne sa chevelure.

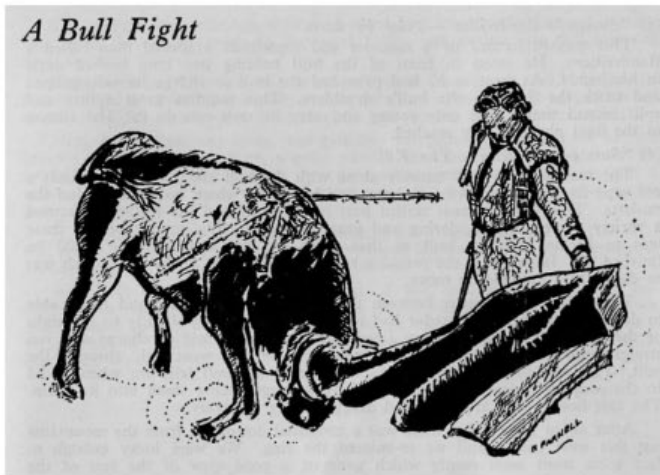
Sa lueur s'évanouit, ses rayons s'effacent,
Dans les ombres ternes qu'il touche;
Seul astre pâlit, perdu dans le vaste espace,
Le soleil se couche.

Le soleil de la vie ne dure qu'une journée,
Dont le matin est court, et longue la soirée,
Mais tout passe, ainsi qu'une poignée
Du sable, qui se dissipe aux vents—
Puis l'homme se perd, comme le soleil couchant,
Dans l'obscurité, le noir abîme du temps.

Mais, après tout, n'y a-t-il aucun autre lieu,
Où par une plus belle aurore,
L'âme éternelle trouve et sa vie et son Dieu,
—Et ses espoirs encore?

G.M.

A Bull Fight



WE ENTERED THE small stadium on a very rainy day among crowds of energetic and voluble people, and eventually made our way to our seats. Tension mounted gradually until at last, when all seats were filled, the Corrida began.

The Corrida we attended was a collection of six fights and began with a procession. Headed by a Bailiff in black came matadors, toreadors, banderilleros and picadors, all in beautifully embroidered suits. These were "Trajes de Luces"—Suits of Light. The picadors wore similar suits with flat hats and steel leggings and were mounted on blindfold horses. Lastly came a team of cart-horses to remove the bull, if and when killed.

The six bulls were all Spanish and very wild. The law says they must be over five years old and must be selected on the merits of their ferocity and charging tactics.

At intervals around the ring were boards set out from the side behind which the fighter could jump for safety if he was too closely attended by the bull. The principles of bullfighting are based on the bull's attack. Having a fast charge he cannot stop suddenly and he always closes his eyes before hitting his target. Many graceful and elegant passes have been developed from this knowledge.

The fight was divided into four phases:-

(1) "*Suerte-de-Capa*"—Trial by cape.

A great black bull thundered out from almost under us and the toreadors tried to find his method of charging by enticing him to charge their capes. Many men were tossed during phase 1 as the bull was fresh. When the bull was sufficiently tired, drums and tinny trumpets announced the picadors for phase 2.

(2) "*Suerte-de-Picar, Pique or Varas*"—Goaded the bull with a spear.

In this phase the mounted picadors tried in turn to weaken the bull by sticking their lances into his shoulders several times. As the bull charged the horses they had to be beaten to be kept in position but their padding prevented them from being gored. This was a particularly nauseating sight but after a short while the picadors left, announcing phase 3.

(3) "Suerte-de-Banderillas"—Trial by darts.

This was performed by a matador and sometimes a special man called a Banderillero. He stood in front of the bull holding two long barbed darts in his hands. As soon as he had provoked the bull to charge he side-stepped and stuck the darts in the bull's shoulders. This requires great agility and split second timing and only young and very fit men can do it. The climax of the final phase is now reached.

(4) "Suerte-de-Muleta"—The Kill.

The matador was now entirely alone with the bull and had in his hands a red cape fixed to a stick (the muleta) and his sword which was held behind the muleta. This was the most skilful part of the fight and the matador executed a variety of very clever, daring and graceful passes. The motive behind these was to further tire the bull so that when he was exhausted he could be finished off. In one case the matador knelt with his back to the bull which was so dazed that it made no move.

The sword should enter between the bull's shoulder blades and to be able to do this correctly the matador had to stand in front, but slightly to the right of the bull. When the bull was lined up he was provoked to charge and ran straight into the outstretched sword which in one case went right through the bull. This had sometimes to be repeated before the bull fell, but when it did so the *coup de grâce* was administered by a dagger being stuck into its brain. The cart horses then appeared and dragged away the body.

After about three fights there was a torrential downpour from the mountains but this soon passed and we re-entered the ring. We were lucky enough to find some front seats empty which gave us a good view of the rest of the spectacle in which one of the matadors performed some very enthralling and I have no doubt brave passes and was awarded the bull's ears—a great honour, but I have no idea what he wanted them for).

My impression, apart from one of sickness, was that the fighters must be brave, agile and intelligent. The intelligence is necessary as they must have a great understanding of bulls to be able to anticipate their next moves. Each fight was about fifteen minutes of continuous bloodshed and personally I do not recommend it as an enjoyable outing for people of a squeamish disposition. In fact, it is my considered opinion that this is a very cruel sport and should be abolished.

C. P. SUMMERHAYES, 5C.

A Warning

THE LITTLE VILLAGE slowly emerged from its halo of sun haze, and climbed the hill to meet me. From its pump splashed the glassy water to wash the dust of many miles from my skin, and remove the thirst of the Midi from my tongue. So this was St. Estève!

Five o'clock. The peach trees attended to, the afternoon rest taken, and the social life of the village about to begin. The magnet in this respect, the "Café des Penseurs", soon attracted its habitués who seated themselves round two long tables. At one was the youth of the village. Drinking thin beer, they discussed and argued about the coming cycle race.

At the other table was seated the village council. Not that they discussed the village; it had always been the same, they thought it always would be, what was there to discuss about it? Their minds were free from such unimportant matters. With Dr. Abel and the curé as "openers", they were debating the compatibility of science and religion. They had no televisions nor cinemas, and their minds had not grown lethargic with spoon-feeding, nor had they come to seek the diversion of light entertainment. Unused to a more "civilised" society, they were willing to be proved wrong. That their decisions were not recorded is not a pity; the more advanced world is not ready to receive them.

The youths were enjoying their discussion, but secretly they longed for the day when they could move to the other table, and savour the rich wine of deep thought.

Eight o'clock. The last red beam of sunset had gone, and with it the customers of the "Café des Penseurs". In the Curé's house an oil lamp flickered to the powerful chords of a Bach fugue. He listened in true appreciation.

Next door Péton, the artist, was grinding his pigments. Tomorrow he had decided to start a new picture, a great picture, but because he would not paint a gaudy sunset or a cartoon his own generation ignored him. His brother, a writer, was offered a post on a town newspaper, but unable to twist and distort facts, he rejected it.

A few doors away Dr. Abel was working on a scientific treatise, but as it will not serve as propaganda, or build a weapon, his work would be unrewarded. Nevertheless he will have justified his existence.

As I left the village I felt refreshed. I had seen people living an unostentatious but great life. But this, alas, could not last. On the road from St. Estève I passed workmen laying an electric cable. Soon the people would be peering at television sets, sitting in cinemas, and taking water from chromium taps.

K. S. H. HALSTEAD, L.VI.

One Sunday Morning

THE OLD VINTAGE car had stopped beneath the eaves of a roadside barn and was slowly settling on a punctured tyre. But this was Spring, and the young driver was not dismayed, and with the alacrity which is usually precedent to the labour of the inexperienced, he removed his jacket and set to work.

But Fate, which can so thoroughly wash a soul clean of any sense of well-being with which it may be affected, was perhaps feeling rather choleric that morning, and so produced, from a nearby hedgeway, a group of small boys. Each displayed, on his right arm, a piece of cardboard announcing him as a member of Alf Smith's following, sixpence to join, secret password—Death. The last bit of information being in code and reading: "Death password secret."

They approached the disabled vehicle and with the deepest concern asked what the trouble was. The young man, who was becoming disheartened in his work, muttered something about so and so cars that were more trouble than their so and so worth, and told them to clear off. But these were warriors of a distinctly determined vein, and taking their ease inside the vehicle, they individually offered their advice. The unfortunate motorist supposed them to be fairly harmless, and made no further protest. Alas, whether stimulated by the season, or by inherent destructive desires, Alf Smith and the members decided to help their misguided benefactor.

The youngest of the collection, a begrimed five-year-old, held the dogmatic opinion that it was the engine at fault, and that there was nothing at all wrong with the wheels. And so he ventured out onto the bonnet, considering the theory that the horses, which he knew to be inside, were either ill or underfed. Much to his surprise, however, the bonnet concealed only an untidy mess of wires and plugs, which he promptly straightened out. He then decided to find the horses, or perhaps a smaller species (for it had occurred to him that the horses might find it somewhat cramped). And yes, indeed, there was the **farm cat**, walking unsuspectingly in his direction. The purring creature was hastily bundled into the hole, and the bonnet clamped on it.

Soon after, the young man, who had been gradually losing ground against a car which jumped readily with the jumping of its occupants, was attacked on

his own level by the enraged animal, which had squeezed to the ground and was suffering from lubrication and a clamped tail. As the cat scurried away, having sufficiently mutilated a quite innocent hand, the car door burst open and three yelling bodies, locked in most vicious combat, dropped as heavily as could be expected onto the young man's stomach.

After that, Alf Smith advocated that the invalid should be allowed to rest inside the car, whilst they applied their combined mechanical knowledge to the repair. They decided first to detach the spare tyre. It appeared to be rather out of shape to one of the lesser members (lesser, because of his refusal to throw broken house-bricks at Mr. Jenkin's beehives, when the latter was happily relaxed in his garden hammock). The tyre made quite a pleasing sound under the pounding of a heavy crowbar, and was soon considered fit for use.

Then a break was called for, and the workers clambered up onto the old barn roof. Except for a mishap concerning one of the less agile members (he fell through the roof), they all reached the firmer edge, and found, to their delight, that if one was pushed one could just manage to land in the back seat of the car below. They soon elaborated on this system, and it added nothing to the comfort of the sickened unfortunate in the front, to have two or three robust young fellows crashing into the seat immediately behind his throbbing head.

They eventually tired of this, as the now protruding springs of the seat made the game precarious. The five-year-old, who had fully recovered after rolling off the mudguard onto his head, presumed that the jack underneath the car was now to be dispensed with, and so, unscrewed it and pulled it clear. His companions, however, were oblivious of this undertaking, and it was to their horror and amusement that they observed the car keel over onto its axle, which firmly twisted into the tarmac. The young man was deposited in the roadway whence he exhaustedly rolled into a ditch which held a muddy substance of the most extraordinary odour.

It was then he was aroused; and uttering an inhuman cry, suggesting loss of temper and reason, he flung himself in pursuit of his agitators, who quickly retreated back through the hedge.

I think it was in a local paper I read of a circumstance, when an extremely irate young man was charged with being improperly attired, for breach of the peace, for attacking an officer of the law in the course of his duty, and for several other felonies. The female reporter had written her comment at the bottom:- "It is hoped that all such villainous public nuisances will be so dealt with. It will be a sad time for this country when we no longer can be about our honest business without being molested."

W. CARTER, L.VI.

A Dying Ember . . . ?

Life like a fire, burns unquenchably;
Each flame in turn the other would outclimb
But each must sink and die, till only ashes lie
To be wide scattered by the winds of Time;
Spark engenders spark on the eternal hearth
Of Life; from Man's ashes, beings of a name
Unknown to him shall rise to rule this earth—
An ember kindled by Man's dying flame.
Man was not born thus to disappear—
To cease upon the dawning hour, the day
Of Life unlived; forget his mutual fear
And he might yet crush the cancer of decay;
Else, the flotsam on the stream of Life must be
The driftwood on the Ocean of Eternity.

G.M.

Telemania

THERE ARE MANY ways of going mad. There is the fiendish Chinese water-drip, the terrible lick of the Upper Tibetan yak, or the good old Russian brain-wash. There is the charming Oriental custom of hanging people up by their thumbs and tickling the soles of their feet.

And, of course, there is television.

Monday evening, for instance; as pretty a piece of mental torture as you will find anywhere.

It begins with the children's programme "Studio E", a pot-pourri of infant cellists, white mice, inarticulate sportsmen and elderly gentlemen who have cunningly constructed Salisbury Cathedral out of matchsticks. At the time of writing, the glory of this programme is its commère, a girl of about 16 with the Alice locks of a 10-year-old and little white cotton socks, who greets everybody and everything with bright little cries: "Ooh, isn't he lovely . . . does he really? . . . how often? . . . my goodness! . . . what a clever little mouse!"

Sometimes there is a footballer or athlete in the studio to hand on to eager young viewers the secret of his success. This invariably consists of confused mumblings about team-spirit, "me and the boys together", "you can't do it alone", and "keep your eye on the ball".

Then every week in "This is Your Life" Eamonn Andrews, accompanied by a huge Irish smile, fanfares of trumpets and several miles of microphone cable, disappoints the confident, beaming stars in the audience and hauls out some innocent alarmed little tax-collector from Hackney Wick who had his forty-second grandchild last Monday week. And for the next half-hour, while a suitably treacly orchestra gives a touching and interminable rendering of "A Grand Old English Gentleman", we are enchanted to behold seventeen children and forty-one of the grandchildren rushing tearfully out from behind a curtain.

"Panorama", later in the evening, has the well-nourished Mr. Dimbleby introducing such topics of nation-wide importance as the invasion of a Hertfordshire village by mountains of off-white detergent foam, swept down the river from the local sewage works. Or a high-powered industrial correspondent, reporting on slowed-down production at an emulsion paint works, rushes importantly round the factory stopping machines, interviewing disgruntled workmen, antagonising shop-stewards and generally slowing down production.

To crown the evening's entertainment there is "Dancing Club." To the strains of Victor Silvester and his depressed-looking band, graceful couples glide rapidly round the floor until they get within range of a camera, where they remain revolving rapidly on the spot, smiling gaily into the lens and kicking savagely at the shins of their rivals.

"Eileen," says a sweet, disembodied voice, "is wearing a dress of blue and gold tulle with a satin bodice. There are 223 yards of material in the skirt, which is studded with 17,421 sequins—all of them sewn on in the front room last night by Eileen's grandmother specially for this programme."

And the spangled Eileen and her partner Sidney are presented by Victor, smiling modestly, with One of My Records and A Copy of My Book.

It is hard to conceive of any viewer having the stamina to sit through an evening like this without being reduced to a state of gibbering idiocy and running screaming up and down the wall. Sometimes, however, people do. Once, I did.

Nothing happened to me until I went to bed. I lay and gazed at the wall. The great white expanse of Eamonn Andrews' teeth suddenly materialised in the pattern of the wallpaper, recurring 24 times to the square foot. I shuddered, shut my eyes, and drifted into an uneasy sleep.

It was then that I had the dream. It was a wonderful dream. I sat and watched all the programmes through again. But this time, there was a difference. . . .

Through the misty curtain of sleep came the cry of the cuckoo, the Children's Television cuckoo. I moaned softly and turned over. But to no avail; before my closed eyes there appeared that awful child, my little friend of the white cotton socks. She was talking to the Zoo Man. I knew he was the Zoo Man because of his ears. She simpered at him. "And what have you got for us today?" she cooed.

"A cat," he said.

"Ooh," she said. "How lovely."

A strange light came into his eye. "A big cat," he said.

"Shall we tell the children first," she said, "what to feed him on?"

He smiled. It was an odd smile. "By all means, my dear," he said. He turned to someone out of the picture. "All right, Mr. Wilberforce," he called.

A great golden object flashed across the screen. From the technicians came a confused cry, a string of words seldom heard on Children's Television.

The camera panned down to the studio floor. There was an indistinct object lying there. I peered at it through my dream.

It was a sock.

A white cotton sock.

I chuckled, and turned over.

I appeared to be in a courtroom. The prisoner was cowering back in his seat; over him towered the threatening figure of Prosecuting Counsel. The jury seemed rather numerous; there were at least 800 of them, and they were all crying.

Prosecuting Counsel, however, was smiling. I had seen that smile before.

"Ernest Henry Briggs," he said. "This is your life. From every corner of the globe we have brought men and women eager to pay tribute to you. This happy gathering would not be complete without a face which you have not seen for 15 years; the face of a man who has flown specially from Australia for this programme."

The curtains parted. As the little man turned towards the doorway his confident smile of anticipation faded, and his face stiffened in a mask of horror. "No," he screamed. "Not him!"

The man in the doorway smiled. "It's been fifteen years, Ernie," he said, as he raised his gun.

I gurgled delightedly into my pillow. I just couldn't wait for Panorama.

"We take you over now," said Richard Blingleby blandly, "to an emulsion paint works where Wydrow Woott has been examining the cause of unrest amongst the squodgers."

Mr. Woott glared severely into the camera. "No man is more vital to the emulsion paint process than the squodger," he said. "But in the last week the squodgers here in Little Twittering have been threatening to go slow. And as you all know, slow squodging can well prove disastrous to the National economy." He turned to a morose cloth-capped figure by his side.

"Now," he said, patronisingly. "What is the cause of all this trouble?"

The figure scowled. "Well," he snarled, "you 'aven't 'elped."

"No," said another fiercely. "Runnin roundere with yer cameras and yer cables and yer silly bow-tie."

Mr. Woott spluttered.

The first man took him confidently by the arm. "See that vat of paint down there?" he whispered hoarsely. "Unsquodged, that is. Thanks to you." The group growled ominously. Mr. Woott took a discreet step backwards, and cleared his throat. "Well now, gentlemen," he said, in a high falsetto. It failed.

"We get paid by the gallon here," said number one. "According to the gallons we squodge. We ain't squodged anything today, thanks to B.B.C. Television and Mr. Wydrow perishin' Woott."

"Wotcher goin' to do about it?" said number two.

They began to close in. Mr. Woott took another step backwards.

It was one step too many. With a wild cry he disappeared into the vat, still clutching his microphone. The cable snaked down after him. "We return you now," said an unhappy indistinct voice, "to Richard Gurgleby in the uggle. . . ."

I sighed contentedly.

The gurglings of Mr. Woott and the emulsion paint changed. They became more rhythmic. They sounded familiar. Slow, slow, quick quick—oh, of course—

There, down on the dance floor, was the same motley revolving throng of brilliantined young men and frothing young ladies. The same sweet feminine voice was reciting the same little piece about Eileen's grandmother and the 17,421 sequins. On the rostrum the same suave figure stood swaying gently with his back to the band, giving his baton an occasional twitch as he smiled into the camera.

But there was something different about the band. Their behaviour seemed odd. They kept muttering; a mutinous buzz rose in waves over the strains of "Charmaine". They mouthed unmusical words at Victor's unconscious back. One rude drummer was even putting his tongue out.

Victor didn't hear. He had scarcely seen the band's faces since 1939. "And now," he said confidently, "Eileen and I will give you a demonstration of the slow foxtrot." He stepped gracefully down from the platform, nodded to the band, and set off with a pink and excited Eileen.

They twirled slowly round the floor to the gentle, dreamy music. Slow, slo-o-o-w, quick quick—but wait, what was happening?—quick quick, quick-quick-quick, quickquickquick quick. . . . The mutinous drummer leapt to his feet with a clash of cymbals, laughing maniacally. "Take it away, boys!" he cried.

Crackling with evil delight, the band speeded up the foxtrot till it reached the fantastic tempo of an Upper Mongolian stick-dance. Poor Victor, bewitched, puffed up and down the floor, dragging Eileen, who was uttering little breathless cries of "Ooh! Ooh dear!"

In a desperate attempt to bring back some semblance of normality, the panic-stricken announcer began her little recitation all over again. "Eileen," she began, in a high-pitched, wavering voice, "is wearing—"

But it was becoming painfully obvious that the unhappy Eileen would soon not be wearing anything at all. Grannie had shirked her job. A glittering trail of sequins marked the couple's erratic course; every time they jerked to the frenzied music a little shower fell sparkling to the floor. . . .

Just in time, the picture faded.

All right, so it was only a dream. But there is more to this story than you may think. I have warned the B.B.C., but they refuse to listen. They'll regret it.

You see, I have one remarkable gift. I've always had it. There's no getting away from it.

My dreams come true.

R. F. H. COOPER, Upper Sixth.

Artist or Entertainer?

Too many people are undecided as to what they think the ultimate aim of the true Artist should be, and to what degree, if any, he should consider the demands of an audience. They are further confused by the "self-expressionism" of art proper in painting, music, poetry, sculpture and certain forms of literature today, which concedes nothing to mere entertainment value or ease of comprehension. Perhaps Beauty is more subtle and difficult to find in this new form of artistic interpretation, but surely such outstanding qualities as intensity and depth of feeling can be appreciated to the point of indulgence with enough generous effort?

For myself, I think that the true Artist must of necessity hold the word "entertainment" in extreme contempt; he is an individual, a rare mixture of introvert and extrovert, that has within his being (perhaps a second soul) a natural, vital force projecting an unbearable intensity outwards. There is quite enough entertainment about without there being any necessity for this sort of person so closely in contact with life and creation to fall another of its prey. John Osborne, to use a crude illustration, put the London audience through a series of nauseating shocks by the presentation of his "Look Back in Anger" simply in order to get across his points most effectively. For when the playwright is motivated in his writing by an obligation to give the people what they want, the audience is automatically dictating, which is quite an absurd state of affairs since never has an audience known either what it wants or what is good for it. All Revolutionary Theatre has meant to them is a "rather rude interruption upon our comfortable after-dinner digestions." One can almost hear them regurgitating. While, in fact, it serves as the necessary change which keeps the theatre alive and healthy.

Who are these people who prefer nice pictures, pictures of sunsets, to read nice books, to hear nice music, to enjoy nice poetry and to see nice plays about nice people behaving nicely, rather than allow their souls (such as they are) to suffer emotional or spiritual conflict? They treat the theatre simply as a place one can visit after dinner to relieve the monotony of going to the cinema or watching the television. They heap lavish praise on Shakespeare's dramas, yet it is hardly likely that the too easily accepted "greatness" and "immortality" of his plays move them so far as to read them. Without doubt a great deal of satisfaction is to be had when the ghost of Julius Caesar appears to rise mist-like from the shadows of a darkened stage, or when the realism of the gouging out of Gloucester's eyes wrenches the stomach with disgust, but is this Shakespeare? Most people treat the texts of his dramas with such reverence and careful handling as if they were all Bibles and shelve them away with pride and tidiness, but very few people, I am sure, have got so far as even to *think* of reading "Julius Caesar" or "King Lear" out of school.

They are in fact the deadly enemy of the Artist; due to the effects of their dependance on easily bought entertainment they confuse the idea that one must "give" in order to get a full appreciation of a work of art with the idea of giving in terms of money. And, what is worse, they have no mind to "the higher things in life"—an attitude inconceivable to the Artist, who dotes on them. Here can be drawn the line between Artist and Entertainer—the latter works for an audience much as in the same way that a clerk works to his boss's wishes, while the former lives only to create. Today it is so difficult to determine on which side of the line some artists live.

R. GALE, Lower Sixth.

A Visit to Sperry's

WHAT IS IT that every ship and aeroplane carries, without which, it could not be navigated? A compass; and in most ships these days, that means a gyro-compass. To see these being made, and to learn how they work, a dozen boys from the Third Form paid a visit to the Sperry Gyroscope Company at Brentford, on Friday, February 28th.

We took the 705 bus to Brentford, and arrived at the Training School at two o'clock. There, we found the chief instructor, Mr. Mussabini, who was to show us around.

He first showed us a small and beautifully made gyroscope, which, as those who have seen toy gyroscopes know, is a kind of spinning top which is supported freely at both ends of its axle in the same way as a bicycle wheel. This gyroscope was very free to spin, as the bearings were made extremely accurately; it could also move horizontally and vertically. Our guide wound string round the axle, and then gave a sharp tug which set the gyroscope in motion. Then he showed us an extraordinary thing. He pressed downwards on the horizontal axis, but the axis moved at right angles to the direction of force being applied. This is an effect known as precession. You can try a similar experiment with your bicycle wheel.

The next thing he showed us was how a gyroscope is made into a gyro-compass which indicates the true North. This is accomplished by adding an ingenious weighting device consisting of two pairs of bowls of mercury joined by tubes through which the mercury flows when tilted. This causes the right amount of precessing at the right latitudes. The next thing our guide demonstrated to us was how the ship is steered by the gyro-compass and how automatic steering can be accomplished.

After being shown how everything worked, we walked to the factory proper. Here we saw the parts being made, and the compasses being assembled. The most interesting part to watch was the finishing of the ball bearings; they were being churned in oil under a pressure of 250 lbs. per sq. inch. This treatment made them really smooth. Everything in that part of the factory had to be kept free from dust.

Further on we saw the finished compasses being tested. Most of them were being rolled backwards and forwards, while one was being practically flung upside down.

At the end of the visit we had a very good tea at the factory's canteen, which rounded off an extremely enjoyable day's trip.

J. LE PAGE, 3A.

Beachy Head

O windswept pinnacle so high,
That dwarfs the landscape 'neath your peak,
Oft through the ages stood you nigh,
Still now stand out so gaunt and bleak.

You saw the Romans come in force,
And saw them leave our native Isle,
Then after that you saw the Norse,
Who visited this land awhile.

When William with his Norman knights,
Did sail so boldly o'er the sea,
He fought near you for Christian rights,
And soon was crowned victoriously.

Through fire and plague and holy war,
You stood serene a landmark white,
Till soon above your heights you saw,
Man's air machine appear in flight.

O sentinel of ancient time,
I would that you could speak to me,
And tell me all your thoughts sublime,
That you have had above the sea.

M. C. KOLASZYNSKI, 3A.

A Chimerical Menagerie

I love to watch the tortoise scoot
He never has to shout or hoot
At anything in front.

And even when he goes pell-mell—
Though no advertisement for "Shell"
There's no-one bears the brunt.

But yet he must insure his life—
Of course to satisfy his wife
In case she were bereft.

For after we have used his home
To manufacture brush and comb
She won't desire what's left!

* * *

I don't want to brood
On the Tapir's proboscis,
One shouldn't be rude
But I'm bound to take notice!
For it might be a nose,
Or it might be a trunk
But as far as *that* goes
It has certainly shrunk!

And yet for a nose
It's uncommonly long,
Though for Shylock or Moses
It might not be wrong!
I'm sure there aren't many
Who know which it is,
So let's toss with a penny
And settle the "biz."!

* * *

One's apt to forget
With a shape so absurd
That an apteryx yet
Must be ranked as a bird.

But it's sadly admissible,
Fly as birds ought,
That he hasn't the visible
Means of support!

He's been left in the lurch
By an ancestry free;
When you're poor you can't perch
On a family tree!

And a pedigree's worth
Never pays for your clothes
When you come down to earth,
As an apteryx knows!

* * *

(An Apteryx is a New Zealand bird, with rudimentary wings and no tail.)

With scaly mail
From head to tail
He dwells in mockery.
No maid can crack
His plated back
Like other crockery.

It oft appears
He's shedding tears
He oft appears to grin;
Whichever ruse
He likes to choose
He means to take you in.

Don't think him ill
Because he's still
Distrust his fatal guile.
You'll get a shock
When that seeming rock
Reveals he's a crocodile!

IAN D. STUART, IVA.

George

GEORGE IS A fascinating little pet of ours. He is dark brown in colour, about two inches high, lives under six inches of water, and feeds daily on one level teaspoonful of ground ginger and one of castor sugar. Each evening, at about nine o'clock, we open his jar and, with a violent eruption, he shoots to the surface to receive his food. After a period of seven days, we strain him through a cloth, cut him in half and give one to friends. From the strainings, we make eighteen pints of the best ginger beer.

Perhaps you have never had the pleasure of meeting such a pet. Well, you may rest assured that such a *THING* does exist, and happens to be alive and erupting every day at home, and the number of bottles of ginger beer increase weekly by eighteen pints.

Still don't recognise it? It's a ginger beer plant! Still don't believe it? Come down our house any day—ours is the one covered in dark brown ginger beer plant. . . .

T. KNIGHT, L.VI.

The Train Journey

"THIRD TRAIN—JOURNEY Murder in Six Months," read George Walters. George had travelled on this same train, in the same unoccupied carriage for four years and had read the same newspaper. In fact, he was a typical office worker in all aspects. He had been following the story of these alarming incidents very closely as he himself was a regular traveller on that same train.

At that moment, the train pulled out of the station and George folded his newspaper, put it in his pocket and sat back for a quiet smoke. Soon the train arrived at the next station and, having stopped the usual five minutes, was just pulling out again, when the carriage door was wrenched open and a man hurled himself into the carriage and collapsed on to the seat without a word to George.

George studied the man closely and was not impressed by what he saw. The man had a peculiarly white face with a large nose and thin lips, and not once did he shift his gaze from the window.

Just then the train entered a tunnel and suddenly, without any warning, the lights flashed off, but, before they were plunged into complete darkness, George saw the glint of a steel object in the man's hand.

For several moments he sat uncomfortably in the darkness, pricking up his ears and suddenly a cold shiver ran down his spine and sweat began to form on his forehead. Something had touched his head, something cold and hard which slowly moved down towards his neck. . . .

He sat paralysed for what seemed an eternity and then, just as he was going to leap from his seat, the train left the tunnel. He took one look around the carriage and sank back into the seat like a deflated balloon; for there, still in his place was the other man, holding a metal spectacle case in his hand and, hanging down from the rack above him was the steel-tipped strap of his case, idly swaying with the motion of the coach. George just sat there laughing awkwardly at himself for letting his imagination wander so.

Soon the train entered the next station, a quiet little place with very few people to be seen and therefore, it was with a great deal of surprise that George heard the banging of doors and thudding of footsteps on the platform. But he was even more surprised when the carriage door was opened and two uniformed policemen jumped in and pounced on the man in the corner.

"Don't worry, Sir," said one of the constables, "We'll soon have him under lock and key."

"But I don't understand," replied George. "What's wrong?"

"This is the man who committed those murders," explained the constable. "I hope he didn't harm you, Sir?"

George just stared for a few moments and then he whispered, "No, no, not at all."

N. COLLINS, 5A.

Night Illusion

THE WALL SEEMED quite easy to climb and soon he was at liberty to gaze once more at his world. Dusk was creeping across the moor and the planet Venus, heralding the approaching night, was already issuing forth its steady glow. This was freedom, "freedom". He rolled the word around his tongue, whispering it to the night breeze, letting its velvet quality caress his lips while he felt its truth seep through him. He could walk in this blissful state of complete abandon for ever, like a new-born lamb exercising its newly-found legs.

He must have wandered several miles through the bleak countryside before he realised how dark it was becoming. Other stars had joined the evening star and each one seemed to compete to outshine the other for his recognition. They belonged to him: the constellations, the planets, the known sky dissolving into infinity; he was master of it all, and it demanded his love and adoration.

Suddenly a flash of light arced over him, a meteor, seemingly bowing to his supreme dictatorship of the night sky. Almost in accordance with the "falling star", a peal of laughter rang out over the stillness of the moor. The rest of the earth was laughing at him, at his ideas, at his thoughts, at his beliefs.

Two girls had just parted at the crossroads before him. Their "goodbyes" and mocking "farewells" broke the silence of their surroundings but at first he did not pay any attention to them simply because he knew they were so much lower in intelligence than his exalted height. Then, as a passing cloud allowed a shaft of moonlight to illuminate the road, he saw her. She had turned away from her companion and with a last wave at her, began to walk towards him. Clad in a dark blue garment, which came up closely to her neck yet allowed him to catch a glimpse of a glittering necklace, outshone itself by her goddess-like face, she seemed like the sky itself. She was the beauty of the night sky incarcerated in a human frame. No more would he pay allegiance to her far distant rival but here on this lovely earth would he address his adoration and pay his homage.

He stepped into the road, words ready to leap out in praise of her beauty. But she only registered fear, instead of joy, on her face, and when he advanced, beauty, like a falling blossom, faded from her countenance and a piercing scream was hurled from her lips. Confused thoughts raced through his mind; this was not his universe, his goddess but a hollow impersonator disturbing his world and breaking his faith. As she stood there, hypnotised by his presence, she became horrific in his eyes, a nightmare, a demon. Destruction was his supreme thought, destruction, complete annihilation of the spirit. She would be a sacrifice to his first love.

The fingers around the slender throat, the tightening, the gasping for breath, and final gurgle now became necessary to reinstate this love and to break this hated thief who tried to take it.

They found him in the morning with the body beside him, staring into his now lost universe. But he knew that they would come, he knew that they would never understand, he knew that this would be his last gaze at his kingdom before he returned to the padded cell, within the asylum walls.

H. MONKS, 5B.

News from Malta

EARLIER THIS YEAR Steven Martin, IIIA, went to Malta for a stay of about six months, after which he will return to England. Since leaving us he has corresponded regularly with members of the School, and has provided many interesting sidelights on life on this small Mediterranean island, some of which can be read below.

Malta, Feb. 19th, 1958.

"We arrived here safely in the pouring rain, but I thought you would like to hear a little about the journey.

When we reached London Airport we were told that all flights had been cancelled because of the fog. We slept for a while and in the morning when we 'phoned the Airport they told us to come right away; but it was midday before we left.

We had our first meal at about 2 o'clock. It was fish and chips. We each had our own salt, pepper and mustard. When we got tired we could, if we wished, press a button and our seat would go back.

As we went over the Alps the sun was setting and the mountains were red and pink-tinted—they looked lovely. Our plane, an Elizabethan, stopped at Rome, where they refuelled it. From Rome to Malta we had our second meal, which was a leg of chicken covered with delicious mushroom sauce, and peas and baked potatoes.

As we were approaching Malta we all experienced a sudden bump, which I afterwards realised was an "air bump". This terrified me, but we soon forgot that.

In our home here we get all our heat from paraffin stoves and fires. If we want a bath we have to fill a tank with water and place a paraffin stove beneath it. After a hot bath one reckons to have a cold shower; I have tried it once, and it is awfully cold, but pleasantly refreshing.

My school is especially for the children of men who are stationed here in the Forces, or of civil servants. They take the children of men who are stationed here for up to three years. Two or three private buses run from our town (Birzebbugia). The hours of working are the same as Slough Grammar, but in summer, when it is exceptionally hot—too hot to work—they do not have any school in the afternoon.

Every morning a helicopter or two takes off from the airfield opposite us on the other side of the bay, and goes to practise rescue operations with nets and ropes out in the bay.

Generally the people in Malta appear to be very slow. The men who belong to and work for the Public Works Dept., when they are making a hole in the road, sit down to pick, and every so often stop to have a drink or a cigarette. When it is hot or in the ordinary afternoons one can see almost everywhere women sitting at their front doors on the sides of the road watching the traffic.

In most places in Malta the Maltese will not accept English 10s. or £1 notes. They will take English coins but use Maltese notes."

Skiffle

SKIFFLE IS ENJOYING a current vogue in Britain. It can be defined into two main types. They are "Traditional", which is almost like the original form, and "Popular", which is a somewhat modernised version. A "Purist" might argue that the popular version is inferior, but this, on the whole, is a prejudiced point of view. An unfortunate innovation of Skiffle is that, in order to achieve a "Skiffle" sound, experienced guitarists have to play below their capabilities. The Skiffle idiom has brought numerous groups to the fore with widely differing styles. These are a few of the most popular: The "City Ramblers" play mainly barn-dance tunes, using unusual instruments in the style of the Spasm bands of the early twenties. The "Vipers" used to concentrate on the singing rather than the instrumentation, but now they have brought both to the same standard. Chas. MacDevitt's group owe their popularity to the combination of the rhythmic background, with the lively personality of MacDevitt. Also the musical content in the group is high. Last, but not least, is Lonnie Donegan, who plays in many different styles. His drive and enthusiasm, coupled with the ability of his group overcomes the monotonous nature of his songs.

Is Skiffle on the decline? One answer to this problem is—It will last as long as it is performed primarily for pleasure rather than for money.

E. J. HILL, V.B.

Requiem

Aunt Eleanor went down
To the bottom of the garden;
We haven't seen her since.
She was carrying a spade
With a rather rusty blade;
We found it, with her fingerprints.

There's a great big hole
At the bottom of the garden
But we can't find Auntie Nell.
She was thirsty, so she said;
P'raps it drove her off her head;
We think she must have tried to dig a well.

The grass grows tall
At the bottom of the garden.
Nobody's been down there now since 1944;
We haven't blocked the well
Just in case of Auntie Nell,
But I don't think we shall see her any more.

R.F.H.C.



The Cricketer

C. Makepeace

News from the Old Boys

THERE HAS BEEN excellent news of Old Boys' successes at Universities this year.

Geoffrey Brecknell took a first class honours degree at London and is now at Swindon on an advanced Railway Apprenticeship Scheme. His elder brother *David*, who left the school some eight years ago to go up to Oxford, returned there after a distinguished National Service and is to be ordained this summer.

Bert Ackrell and *Bob Gale*, who did very well at Bristol last year academically as well as on the football field, are now staying on to take their Ph.D.s. *Brian Gay* is now at Manchester on an Assistant Lectureship. *Anthony Overton* has gone to Cambridge through the R.A.F. *W. A. V. Elwell*, after getting his degree at London, is now living in America. *Mick Johnson*, after a good degree at Bristol, has now entered the Aircraft industry. *Hooky Amos*, *Bill Creighton* and *David Hamblin* are all teaching. A large number of boys are now working hard for their finals this summer, at London, Bristol, Manchester, Nottingham, Reading and Leeds.

It has been interesting to hear of the large number of Old Boys scattered all over the world serving in Her Majesty's forces.

Brian Clinch returned to England this Spring after a tour of duty in Cyprus and Aden. He is now training to be a flying instructor. In Cyprus he met *Bill Morgan*, who is a lieutenant in the regular army. Several National Servicemen too have commissions. *Bob Neale* is flying in the R.A.F., and *Frank Holness* and *Don Noble* are in the Army.

Alan Rackstraw and *Andy Marshall* are well on their way to commissions in the R.A.F.; so is *Mick Spinks* in the Fleet Air Arm. *Colin Thompson*, who has again been distinguishing himself in hockey circles, has now left the R.A.F. and is training as a pilot with B.E.A.

Roger Henry is in the Navy, and after being stationed in Malta is now in Sicily. *Roy Vaughan* is travelling widely in the Merchant Navy, where he is an apprentice deck officer.

This is of course only a small cross-section of the boys who have left during the last few years, but the news of their progress is encouraging to those who hope to follow in their footsteps.

The Old Paludians

IT IS PLEASING to report that at last the Old Paludians have a home, a home of which they can be proud. The pavilion at Pope's Field, after nearly two years of sweat and toil, is virtually completed. In full use, the Old Pals now have somewhere to meet, where footballer can meet hockey player, and cricketer meet general club member. It is hoped that in time, use will be made of it in other spheres of activity, but at the moment life is centred around the week-end. Finishing touches are still being made, but all will be ready for the Official Opening Day on 7th June.

In other ways throughout the year the Old Pals have continued their normal routine. Coach trips have been run and enjoyed during the winter season, dances have been held with success, as ever, at the Dolphin Hotel, including a period of four dances within ten days over Christmas and the New Year. Two jumble sales, under sole management, a fete in conjunction with the school, were also held—all with great success.

Now that the Old Paludians do have their own pavilion and own sports ground, it is sincerely hoped that a closer link may be forged with the School, and that it will be a more natural course of events for boys leaving school, and old boys coming down from university, to maintain friendships commenced during their schooldays in the atmosphere of the Old Pals.

A. MABBOTT, *Hon. Assistant Secretary.*

Old Paludians Cricket Club

Once again I am pleased to report another enjoyable season, during which the Club, skippered by Ron Bruce, played 34 games, winning 15, losing 12 and drawing 7.

The batting was topped by Jim Osbourne, who scored a total of 889 runs, averaging 44.5. His unbeaten innings of 115 against the School was an example of his fine form throughout the season. Denis Edwards returned from National Service to top the bowling, taking 53 wickets for .85 runs each. Ron Bruce and Graham Holmes were prominent in the bowling, taking 70 wickets each.

Several young players joined us last season including Tony Southam, David Windle and Dick Hannam, who all showed great promise for the future. Such stalwarts as Eric Grant, Ken Martin and 'Flip' Seal continue to play regularly.

We still need more young players in order to maintain our playing strength, and any schoolboys or old boys interested in joining the Club are urged to contact David Windle, the Schoolboy Representative, or the Hon. Secretary, Denis Edwards.

This season we shall be playing in our own ground at Taplow when 'Flip' Seal will be our skipper. We look forward to entertaining the School team on our opening day, the 7th June.

D. EDWARDS, *Hon. Secretary.*

Old Paludians Hockey Club

Once again we are pleased to report that the Old Paludians Hockey Club has enjoyed a successful season. A total of 64 games were played, 34 being won and 21 lost. The adverse weather early this year causing the cancellation of 20 games.

Colin Thompson played for England against France, gaining his first international honours, was included in the England trials, and later played for England B against Holland B. The Club was represented in the Bucks team by Tony Stevenson and Ken McLaughlin, who both held regular places.

The 1st XI, captained this year by Tony Stevenson, won 12, drew 4 and lost 7 of the 23 games played. Michael Deuchar and Michael Cousins were two young members, playing regularly in the team. Derek Webb progressed from keeping goal in the 2nd XI, and proved once again that agility and a large build can go together. The team generally played well, but the forward line must score more goals if results are to improve next season.

The 2nd XI started the season well, winning 6 of their first 10 games. Then form suffered as a result of a number of cancelled matches, the final results being 10 games won, 2 drawn and 8 lost. The team consisted of a number of young players, including Brian Deuchar, Fred Harpley, Tony Wynne-Jones and Kevin Melia, with the experience of skipper John Mabbott, John May, John Williams and others providing a steadying influence.

The 3rd XI was again a young team, having several schoolboys playing regularly. The team had a very successful season, playing eight games in succession in the New Year without being defeated. This was no doubt due to the advent of Eugene Hamblet as skipper and another experienced member, Dave Adams. The young players profited greatly from the encouragement and enthusiasm of the older members.

An Old Boys' Club such as ours, needs a regular intake from the School to maintain its strength. We shall be running a coaching scheme on our ground at Taplow during the summer, with which Colin Thompson has offered to assist. Any schoolboy who is interested in playing hockey, is urged to contact the School Representative, Brian Deuchar.

The Old Paludians Hockey Club is again indebted to the Head Master and the School Authorities for their kindness in continuing to allow us the use of the School amenities.

G. E. G. HOLMES, *Hon. Secretary.*

Old Paludians Football Club

On the whole the Football Club may review the past season with considerable satisfaction, although the Youth XI were the only team to find themselves amongst the honours.

The First team completed their first season back in Division I (South) by finishing fourth behind the Old Strandians, Old Suttonians, and Old Tenisonians. In Division II (West) the Second XI finished half-way down the table, or should we say half-way up? With just a little more steadiness in front of goal they might well have finished the season as runners-up for the third successive occasion. The Youth team, like the proverbial Assyrians, eagerly captured all the honours that they could for not only did they win the 1st Division of the Youth League but they also won the League Cup when they defeated Granville by 3-2 on Cup Final night. Two days previously the Colwyn Cup was won by 5-0, the opponents being Woking.

The First XI settled down well in their new division and were not beaten until 16th November, when they lost at home to the eventual winners—Strandians by 3-1. Some notable victories were achieved and here one looks to the 6-1 away win over Tenisonians, a result that was later to be reversed by 2-1 at Taplow. In addition to the league and cup matches friendlies were played against Newland Park Training College, The Phoenixians, Old Strandians, and of course the School, a most enjoyable encounter which was won by the only goal scored. Also there was the annual Sociable Saturday with the Old Aloysians, our friends from Highgate; this includes a football match which we lost on this occasion by 3-2, and an evening at the Club House. On 29th March the Club was honoured by having the First team Captain—Mick Limmer—chosen to play at inside right for the league 'B' team against Surrey Grammar School F.A. at Motspur Park. The First XI were represented in the main by Limmer, Hall, Lewis, Jones, Bridges, Ashley, Hobbs, Parsons, Rackstraw, Barnes, Taylor, Hines, Loveday and Burden.

For the second season in succession the Second team played under the captaincy of Ian Bryant, who may be considered by some of the younger members as a lively veteran. After finishing in second position in Division II (West) for two successive seasons it was hoped that they might improve enough to win this time. Unfortunately, although the defence played as well as ever, there was little punch in the forward line. This may be attributed either to lack of inches or to an excess of years; however, it is a remarkable thing that only three of the league matches lost were by more than the odd goal and that the heaviest defeat was by Old Uffingtonians by 5-2. Perhaps the finest league performance was the 2-0 win over the champions, Old Camdenians, at Taplow in the last match of the season. During the latter part of the season Ron Millis, the goalkeeper, had the misfortune to fracture an ankle, his place being ably taken by John Rees. The stalwarts of the Second XI were Millis, Jenkins, Bryant, Cook, Briggs, Tebbitt, Harris, Willis, Sexton, Morgan and Rees. The latter deserves a special mention for his willingness to play in any position whether it be in goal or in the field.

The Minor XI showed great form in winning their three trophies and proved that with hard work and a fine team spirit success must follow. Since this team was re-formed in 1955 they have won every competition for which they have entered. There were a few changes from last season's side and the usual line up was Barker, Howard, Hannan, Windle, Toogood, Bayford, Thomas, Ward, Southam, Clark, Evans and Holliday, a very capable reserve.

The majority of these players will be too old for this team next season and the Senior Club look forward to welcoming these players to swell their ranks.

We were once again indebted to the School for allowing us to use the dressing rooms and to Mr. Gibbs for his training session in the gymnasium each week.

E. C. COE, *Secretary.*